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Nicholas King on Normandy Remembered
—See page 39

NATIONAL REVIEW

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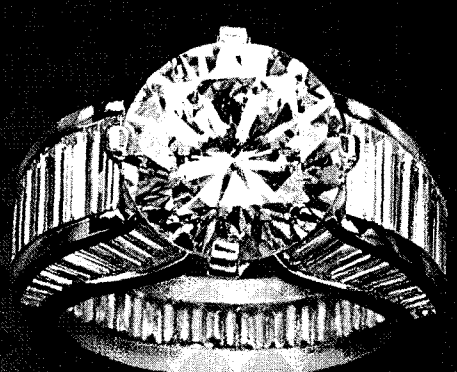

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LETTERS

Pinochet's Mistake

I'm very pleased that you published the article by Claudia Rosett ["Looking Back on Chile, 1973-1984," June 1]. We conservatives have been willing to give Pinochet a lot of leeway, and with good reason, considering what he saved his country from. But the mistakes he made when he panicked over the economy in 1982 were serious, and we shouldn't ignore them just because most of his critics are on the wrong side. The post-1982 course of action could still be reversed—if Pinochet and his colleagues could be made to understand why it should be. Bring back the Chicago Boys!

Sarah Finch
Albany, N.Y.

Notes toward a Definition

Mr. Buckley reacted strongly a few years ago to a political calumny by Gore Vidal. Not surprisingly, I react just as strongly to being described as a "socialist" in Tom Bethell's article on Salvador's land-reform program ["Land Grab in El Salvador," Feb. 24]. I am most emphatically not a socialist. Ironically, the "Investigative Resource Center" in Oakland has just listed me on their neo-conservative monitoring service, alongside your contributing editor Michael Novak.

Contrary to the inference invited in the article, I have persistently urged rapid land-title issuance for both the individual tenants and the co-ops of landless laborers who are beneficiaries under the Salvadoran reform (nor was I "chief architect" of the reform: I played a major advisory role on the land-to-the-tenants program, but virtually none on the program to distribute large estates to co-ops, the aspect on which the article concentrates). The inexcusable hold-up on titles to co-ops has been squarely the doing of ISTA, the administering agency run since April 1982 by d'Aubuisson's ARENA party, which has sought political control over the beneficiaries. Similarly, I have consistently urged adequate and rapid compensation of affected landowners, but there a major stumbling block has been Senator Jesse Helms's amendment forbidding U.S. support for such compensation.

My *Wall Street Journal* article, to which Mr. Bethell refers, underlines the need for both maximum freedom of the beneficiaries and reasonable compensation. My views on land reform are as non-"socialist" as were those of Douglas MacArthur, Chiang Kai-shek, and Syngman Rhee, who promoted—all to the great benefit of agricultural productivity and political stability—the massive transfers of individually owned farms to erstwhile tenants in, respectively, Japan, Taiwan, and South Korea. These are precisely the land-reform models I have consistently espoused.

Roy Prosterman
Seattle, Wash.

On the basis of the information published by Mr. Bethell, and the letter of protest from Mr. Prosterman, I myself would not have used the term "socialist." I say this notwithstanding that the word is not precisely defined. (One could defensibly argue that Richard Nixon was a "socialist," having instituted wage and price controls.) Henry George (I think it was) pronounced that the "land belongs to those in usufruct." There are those who think George was a socialist. I am certainly not among them. —WFB

The Bouvia Case

I was disappointed that the article by Ernest van den Haag ["A Right to Die?" May 4] was so poorly researched. I suspect that Mr. van den Haag's opinions were arrived at before the data was derived.

The patient, Elizabeth Bouvia, has cared for herself with assistance. She is not a quadriplegic but has quadriparesis and is able to feed herself, smoke, write, manipulate the wheelchair, attend college classes, etc. Certainly this is in contradistinction to the assertion that the patient is physically unable to commit suicide. She could have easily taken a bottle of aspirin, rolled into a swimming pool, or used her painkillers. The comment on her pain is most inaccurate as she takes very few painkillers; as for mental competence, no one said that she was mentally incompetent. The point missed is the severe depression she was experiencing. Her husband had left her, her family seemed distant, and she felt that she was not allowed to complete her college degree owing to her physical abnormalities. No one forced Mrs. Bouvia to come to the hospital. She literally forced herself on the hospital by signing papers that she was having a very bad depres-

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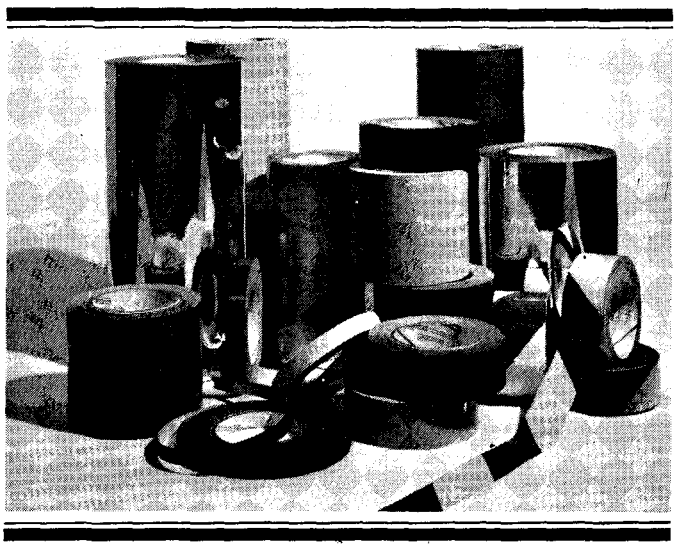

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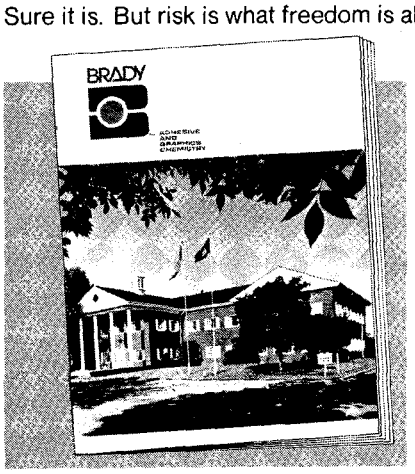

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sion. I find it interesting that she did make her own diagnosis.

Mr. van den Haag obviously has an amateur comprehension of the psychological effects of a suicide occurring in a hospital. As a medical oncologist who deals with the dying on a daily basis, I can tell you that many patients have more suffering and a shorter life expectancy than this patient. If any of these were to commit assisted suicide within the hospital confines, it would destroy the morale of a caring medical staff. By the way, you do not have to be religious to believe that one generation has a teaching responsibility to the next generation. Suicide by prominent individuals has done nothing to improve the strength of a civilization.

Philip B. Dreisbach, MD
Rancho Mirage, Calif.

Mr. van den Haag misses the point entirely. Mrs. Bouvia is obviously in such an overwrought mental condition that she is suicidal, yet no one has suggested that the poor woman needs psychiatric help. Why? Because since she is a quadriplegic, it is automatically assumed that she *would* be better off if she were dead. It is an elitist assumption. Quadriplegics I have known (including myself) regard life in any form as far preferable to the alternative, and since that is the natural instinct among all rational human beings, we must regard Mrs. Bouvia's suicidal impulse as irrational. Since she is in no immediately life-threatening condition, we must therefore conclude that she has chosen to die for the convenience of herself and/or those around her. That is simply not a good enough reason for suicide.

John E. Carlucci
President
Disabled Rights Union of Massachusetts
Everett, Mass.

In treating the Irish hunger-strikers of a few years ago as comparable to Mrs. Bouvia, and the British government's refusal to force-feed them as a model for her hospital to follow, Ernest van den Haag makes two mistakes.

The first is to confuse suicide with martyrdom. The Church (at which Mr. van den Haag takes a sideswipe in that same paragraph) has never so confused them; and the fact that this martyrdom was in a cause half secular still does not make it a suicide of despair.

The second is to assume that the British forbore to force-feed the Irish prisoners out of recognition of their "right" to commit suicide. Surely they forbore because they remembered the storm of

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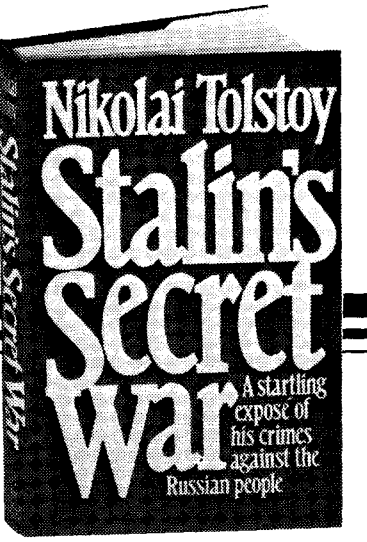

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He drove one wife to suicide, obscenely abused his daughter for wanting to marry a Jew, beat and insulted a son, whom he later allowed to die unransomed in a German prison camp. He delighted in tormenting his highest confederates — including the nominal president of the USSR, Kalinin — in front of foreign dignitaries...

With his own criminal example he encouraged what one trusts was by far the most brutal period of violence in human history. Even *The Gulag Archipelago* hardly prepares one for this. One example will convey the tone: a man who would not "confess" to Trotskyist activities even after castration was forced to watch his pregnant wife beaten until she delivered a stillborn child. Such things were done thousands upon thousands of times, year after year after year. Special instruments of torture were apparently mass-produced, one for squeezing the skull, another for the testicles, and so forth, though interrogators were permitted to use broken bottles, ice picks, or whatever other conventional tools appealed to them....

There was apparently only one foreign head of state Stalin really trusted. He was paralyzed with shock and incredulity when Adolf Hitler broke his word by attacking Russia. For days he could barely compose himself sufficiently to order the usual potential enemies shipped off to labor camps; but eventually he did, even when he couldn't formulate a battle plan against the Germans.

It was always the domestic enemy he feared most: the kind of wartime revolt that had toppled Kerensky. Stalin did indeed make unremitting war on his own people; he never really understood why they didn't fight back, and he was amazed at the patriotism that drove them to fight for Russia, despite everything, when Hitler invaded.

Instead of returning the favor, he stepped up his pre-emptive purges all the while his people were saving his skin. It is wickedness of an astounding degree. This book makes *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* seem like Restoration comedy.

Tolstoy, who is worthy to inherit the name, interprets the slaughter of the Polish officers in the Katyn Forest as one of Stalin's attempts to forestall domestic revolt: the officers might have given potential rebels in the western part of the Soviet Union the leadership they needed, igniting a general uprising.

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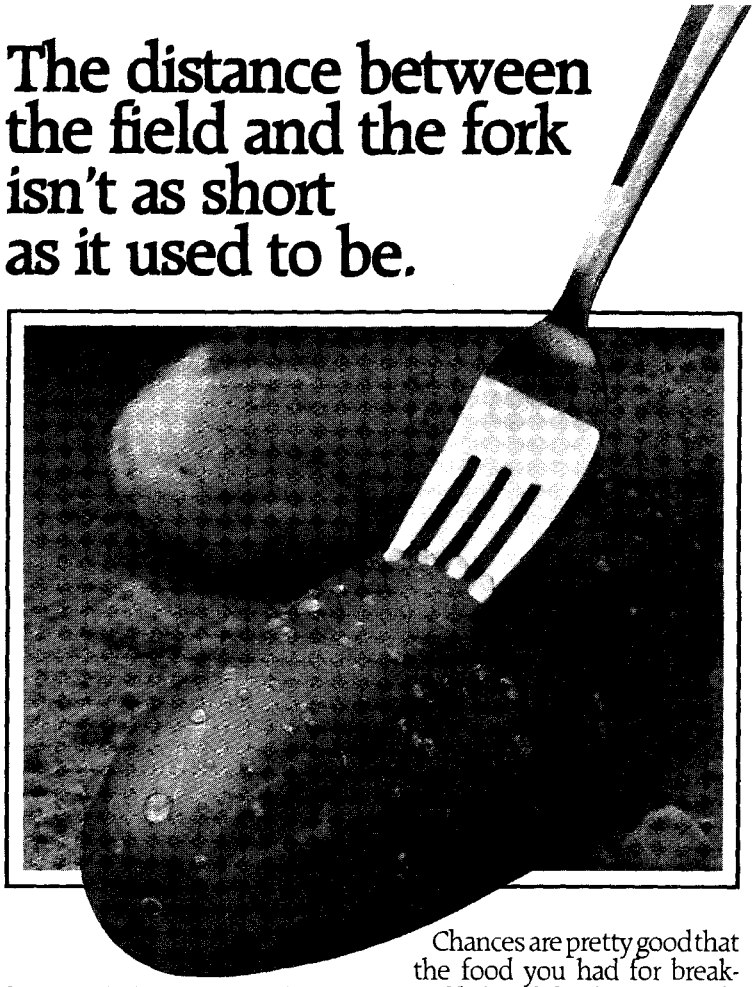

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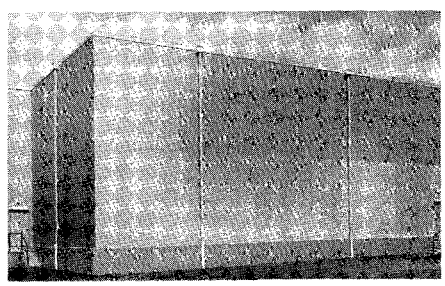

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anger that broke upon the heads of another British government that did decide to force-feed an earlier generation of hunger-strikers, and the stiffening of the Irish resistance against them.

Bob Tilliard
Mount Auburn, Mass.

It is disheartening, not to say depressing, to see *NR* printing the fallacies, nay, fatuity, of Ernest van den Haag on the subject of suicide. It has always been my understanding that *NR* operates within the Judaeo-Christian ethic, and it is clearly a tenet of that ethic that a person's life is not his property.

The bombast of Mr. van den Haag's article rings all the more tinny since, just last night, I heard on the television news that Mrs. Bouvia has decided that life is indeed better than death. This is the very change of mind that Mr. van den Haag would have denied her.

Russell W. Martin
Orange, Calif.

On God and Chambers

I read with interest and appreciation the account of the recent symposium on Whittaker Chambers ["Warm Friday," by Oliver Bath, May 4]. Please permit me to set the record straight with respect to the reference to my alleged conversation with Ralph de Toledano. I believe Ralph de Toledano's memory is in error when he reports that I telephoned him in 1948, at the height of the Hiss case. Actually, I spent the entire summer of 1948 in Europe, among other things attending the International Congress on Philosophy in Amsterdam, and so could not have talked to Mr. Toledano at that time. Moreover, having read Whittaker Chambers's testimony before the committee, I do not recall his mention of God at all in his testimony, so the question Mr. Toledano ascribes to me—". . . why does he [Chambers] have to drag God into it?"—is a faulty recollection. The first mention of God by Chambers was in his autobiography, *Witness*, published in 1952, which I reviewed sympathetically but critically in the Sunday *New York Times Book Review*.

It seems to me demonstrable that the existence or nonexistence of God has nothing to do with the truth of Whittaker Chambers's testimony. He deserved the Medal of Freedom not for his theology but for his courage in coming forward to testify and for withstanding the campaigns of obloquy that pursued him to his grave.

Sidney Hook
Stanford, Calif.

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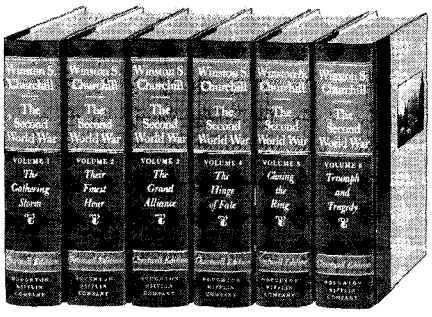

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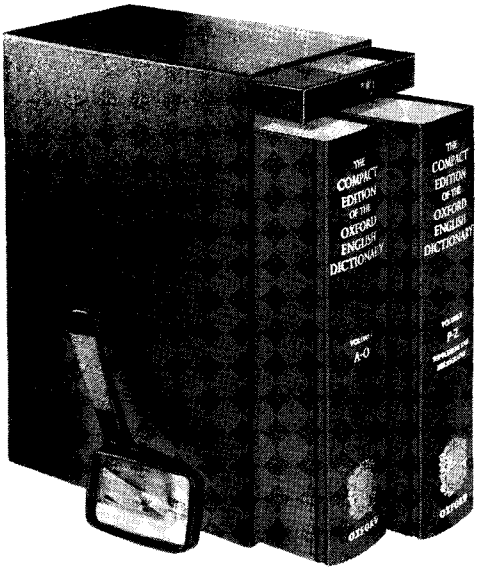
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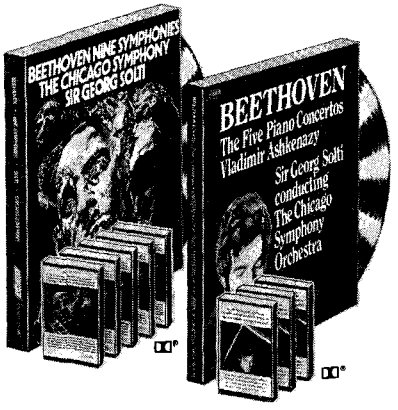
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FOR THE RECORD

About **Gary Hart**'s campaign, the case, as they say in ICUs, is critical but we're still getting vital signs. Vital signs quickened after Hart's May 15 landslide victories over **Fritz Mondale** in Oregon and Nebraska. And political analysts such as **Kevin Phillips** believe Hart's temporary upsurge will be reflected in the next **Gallup** and **Harris** polls—i.e., that they'll show Hart running better against **Ronald Reagan** than Mondale. . . . But unless Hart wins in California, New Jersey, and South Dakota on June 5 he's down the drain. . . . Going into that home stretch, *Los Angeles Times* poll finds Reagan still scoring much higher than either Mondale or Hart with voters on a) keeping the U.S. secure militarily, b) leadership ability, and c) controlling inflation, but he trails the Dems on d) civil rights, e) environment, and f) helping the poor. . . . In desperate weeks before June 5 Hart proposed taking **Jesse Jackson** as his vice presidential running-mate provided Jackson changed his Mideast position—i.e., became less overtly pro-Arab. . . . And would you believe that **John Anderson** has suggested himself as Mondale's running-mate, given that he and Hart have about the same constituency? . . . **Darden** poll of nine states of old Confederacy (minus Texas and Arkansas) shows Reagan getting 71 per cent of white vote to Mondale's 26 per cent; 72 per cent to Hart's 25 per cent. . . . From Michigan, **Don Lipsett**, Honcho of the Invisible Hand Society, reminds the troops of real importance of June 5: It's **Adam Smith**'s baptismal day, wear your ties, says the Commodore.

Other races: Good news in Mississippi, where polls show Republican Sen. **Thad Cochran** 19 points ahead of popular former Gov. **William Winter**. . . . Texas polls (**Tarrance**) have **Phil Gramm** beating either liberal Democrat **Lloyd Doggett** or conservative **Kent Hance** (Democratic runoff is June 2). . . . Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman **Charles Percy** has lost support of New Right leaders **Howard Phillips**, **Richard Viguerie**, and **Terry Dolan**, who now back liberal Rep. **Paul Simon**. Percy's vote against confirmation of USIA's Acting Deputy Director **Les Lenkowsky**, a good and effective conservative, is much criticized. . . . Congress Watch reports that Rep. **Albert Gore Jr.**, conceded leader in race for Sen. **Howard Baker**'s seat, has received the most money from PACs this year, more than $400,000. . . . *Richmond News-Leader* has discouraging words for **Edythe Harrison**, the Democratic senatorial nominee in Virginia: "Outside of her closest supporters, almost no one believes she can convert her success this spring [in winning the nomination] into a victory in November" against Sen. **John Warner**.

Fun and Games on the Left: Well into planning stage is Survivalfest '84, an extravaganza for leftists from gays to freezeniks. It will coincide with Democratic Convention in San Francisco, Olympics in Los Angeles. Survivalfest is dedicated to "Peace, Non-Intervention, Social Justice, and Survival." Signed up to speak are: **Philip Berrigan**, **Benjamin Spock**, Jesse Jackson, **Helen Caldicott**, **Petra Kelly** (a leader of German Green Party), and many, many more. . . . Same folk are moving into Central American arena. Philip Berrigan and **Richard Falk** have joined USOCA, U.S. Out of Central America. . . . When Reagan addressed the nation a fortnight ago on Central America, the critics were all in place. Dr. **Brenman Gibson** (Harvard Medical School): "Pornographic, one of the more odious pronouncements we have heard from Reagan." **Joanne Woodward** (Conference on Preventing Nuclear War): "The President has put the world on a hairtrigger." **Sandy Pollack** (U.S. Peace Council): "[The President's address exceeded his previous anti-Communist outbursts] in its vicious warmongering lies and provocations." . . . Some good news: U. of Alabama psychologists report ABC nuclear scare movie *The Day After* may not have triggered "even one instance of psychological trauma in a viewer."

Holland, London *Daily Telegraph* / Rothco

Not only is the Third World not following the Soviet Union in its Olympic boycott, many have criticized the Soviet action as "a charade." . . . The second Freedom Olympiad will take place in Toronto July 5, 6, and 7. Participating will be athletes from the U.S. and Canada, and émigré athletes from various enslaved Soviet Republics: Ukraine, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia. . . . Re **Qaddafi**'s new death squads, Libyan UN diplomats have been under FBI surveillance in this country since 1981, when there was a threat against the life of Ambassador **Jeane Kirkpatrick**. At time, FBI noted various approaches to radical U.S. blacks sympathetic to Third World revolutionary movements by Libyan UN delegate **Ali Treiki**, now Qaddafi's foreign minister. . . . In Mexico, the runaway best-seller is the exposé of former President **López Portillo**'s now vamoosed police chief Gen. **Arturo Durazo Moreno**—800,000 copies.

Bob Hope on Mondale's "Where's the beef?": "If he doesn't know where **Tip O'Neill** is, how should we?"

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THE WEEK

☐ Bet you thought it was easy for the feds to give away their free cheese, which they got by providing price supports to the dairy industry, to keep the price of dairy products grossly inflated, at taxpayer expense, to ensure, or so the dairy farmers say, an orderly market that will supply milk and cheese to consumers, and for hardly twice the world market price, and that's worth something, isn't it?, even if the consumers also happen to be the taxpayers who prop up the dairy-product price, paying too much in taxes in order to pay too much at the store, and wrong. When you give out the "surplus" cheese to the needy poor, you need another bureaucracy to find out who the needy poor are, which costs more than the damn cheese, and which tells us of gross abuses and noncompliances almost everywhere, which demand more bureaucrats to distribute the cheese fairly, and, pardon, the gorge rises and we are losing our taste for cheese.

☐ "[Jesse] Jackson talks about himself at these meetings. Once he told of his days as a waiter at the Jack Tar Hotel in his home town of Greenville, South Carolina. Just before leaving the kitchen he would spit into the food of white patrons he hated and then smilingly serve it to them. He did this, he said, 'because it gave me psychological gratification.' It was something everybody in the audience understood."—*Life* magazine, Nov. 21, 1969, p. 68.

☐ Officials in the Senate leaked recently the news that a confidential letter from Senators Goldwater and Moynihan (which had been leaked to the press earlier this week), concerning alleged leaks by Senator Jesse Helms, is being ignored after later leaks disclosed that Senate Intelligence Committee members discovered that Helms's recent leaks were leaked from leaks to El Salvador's radio stations and not from CIA leaks to the Intelligence Committee, thus prompting the obvious lesson: Look before you leak. The controversy started when Helms revealed in a speech on the Senate floor that the CIA had spent more than $1.4 million in support of moderate candidates in the recent Salvadoran elections. Moynihan and Goldwater wrote a letter to the Senate leadership allegedly rebuking Helms for releasing classified information. Helms, who is facing a stiff re-election challenge, vehemently denied the charges. "It is a falsehood to suggest that I got one scintilla of information from the Senate Intelligence Committee," Helms said, in a statement that reflects poorly on his attention span while at the Intelligence Committee hearings. Currently, Goldwater is leaking that he never meant to rebuke Helms for his leak; Moynihan is recovering from Helms's charges that he leaked his letter on the Helms leak; and Helms is still busy denying that he leaked anything. More on the adventures of Jesse "Deep Throat" Helms as it leaks out.

☐ The American Catholic bishops are preparing a pastoral letter on "Catholic Social Teaching and the U.S. Economy," and it's a safe bet that they will lay an intellectual egg. A draft of their letter is to be released later this year, but in the meantime a committee of lay Catholics, chaired by Michael Novak and William Simon, will issue a statement of its own. Citing Vatican II, Novak has pointed to the obligation of Catholic laymen to bring their experience and knowledge to bear on issues of concern to the Church. The American Catholic Committee (127 East 35th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016) includes Peter Grace, Alexander Haig, Frank Shakespeare, James Q. Wilson, Ellen Wilson Fielding, and other notables. It ought to demonstrate, among other things, that economic intelligence does exist within the Church, whatever some of the bishops come up with.

☐ The FDIC gave Continental Illinois $1.5 billion. That amounts to about 10 per cent of the FDIC's assets. If a commercial bank went out that far on just one limb, the Comptroller of the Currency would be on its neck.

☐ Or would he? Mr. Conover, Comptroller of the Currency, a day or two before Continental cracked, announced that—based on his reading of published statements—the bank was sound as a dollar. *Published* statements? If the Comptroller only knows what he reads in the newspapers, who needs a Comptroller?

☐ Back to the FDIC again. Its $16 billion of assets are supposed to "insure" some $1.3 t-t-t-trillion of deposits. Has anyone told the Comptroller?

☐ The Senate has voted to raise taxes again, this time

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JACK KEMP tells of a man in San Juan, Puerto Rico, who recognized him, walked over, and blurted, "Tell me, Mr. Kemp, do you know Congressman Robert Walker?" When Kemp said yes, the man replied, "Wow!"

Walker's celebrity status results from his appearances on that invaluable service, C-SPAN, which transmits House proceedings (the Senate still won't allow TV), including end-of-the-day segments called "Special Orders." Of late, certain House Republicans have been making speeches during Special Orders, when no one is present to listen except C-SPAN's TV camera and its 17 million viewers. The redoubtable Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.), who holds a PhD in history, used C-SPAN recently to question the foreign-policy voting records of 22 Democratic congressmen going back 14 years. On May 15, in an unprecedented show of rage, Speaker Tip O'Neill lambasted Mr. Gingrich from the House floor, charging that the attacks, plus the failure to notify those attacked (which Gingrich & Co. deny), were "the lowest thing" he had witnessed in his 32 years in the House. Whereupon Minority Whip Trent Lott (R., Miss.) leaped to his feet and secured a rare reprimand of the Speaker from the Presiding Officer, liberal Massachusetts Democrat Joe Moakley, who happens to be Tip's closest ally in the House.

Undaunted, Messrs. Gingrich, Walker (Pa.), and Vin Weber (Minn.) have continued their Special Orders speechmaking, and Mr. O'Neill, who has been put on notice that he and fifty other Democrats will be mentioned in ensuing sessions, has said that he would not respond.

This congressional sitcom would be just another ho-hum item except that it has the Capitol still calculating who won and who lost, and by how much. Tip is one clear loser, having lost his cool. Furthermore, O'Neill's action, Democrats here are saying, served to build up Gingrich.

The second big loser would appear to be Bob Michel (Ill.), House Minority Leader, whose troops seem largely to have gotten away from him. Some Hill observers feel that there is no way Michel will stay on as Leader come January. "In fact," one of them notes, "he'll see the handwriting on the wall, and won't even run."

In his leadership role, Michel has conducted the GOP's business with a clubby informality. He plays golf with Tip, socializes with him, and when he disagrees with the House Democrats he does so with a kind of stylized rhetoric lacking barb and bite. That's the complaint of the Young Turks, who don't care for this genteel form of combat. They've reconciled themselves to the fact that they will never be a majority. So they've opted for guerrilla warfare, and Michel is not a guerrilla leader —whereas Gingrich is, and Trent Lott may have the makings of one.

The larger meaning of this episode is that it shows a decline in standards, which many former Democratic members now living in Washington are pointing to. The Democrats have had an invincible majority in the House for fifty out of the last 54 years, a dominance that will probably continue beyond the turn of the century. Such invincibility tends to immunize from public accountability, these older Democrats in town are saying, and that's what's causing standards to slip. The current Democratic leaders are using their offices more to shield their incumbencies than to fashion sound public policy. So maybe the guerrilla methods of the Young Turks are exactly what's needed.

The new Reagan-for-President commercials have drawn largely critical notices in Washington, being too syrupy by three-quarters. "America, and even Reagan fans, know that that way of life is gone forever," says one news-magazine journalist here, referring to the content of the Reagan ads. A high-ranking Reagan campaign operative argues otherwise: "Nancy likes the ads, the President likes them, the state chairmen like them, and the spear-carriers like them." The commercials hype the civility and serenity of life under Reagan *v.* the harsher visions of life in the United States as depicted by Messrs. Mondale, Hart, Jackson, O'Neill, et al. Why knock that? Come September, though, watch for the newer batch of Reagan commercials to show a cutting edge.

"The President's Dinner" on May 10, sponsored by the National Republican Senatorial and Congressional Committees, raised a cool $5 million, the biggest single political fundraising event in world history. Toastmaster Drew Lewis addressed the huge assemblage of fatcats at the Washington Hilton (including the Gipper). "Mondale may have the beef," cracked Lewis, "but we have the bread." Amen, Brother, and may it always be so. —CATO

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by $45 billion over three years. Among the victims of the latest bill are charitable givers and liquor drinkers, income averagers and mortgage lenders, utility shareholders and drivers of diesel automobiles. Lyndon Johnson's "emergency" telephone tax will be extended once again, proving that we have still not put the legacy of Vietnam behind us. There are a few nominal spending cuts, mostly in Medicare, but in practice we will be lucky if they slow down the rate of growth of the rate of growth. Meanwhile, a recent poll shows that only 12 per cent of the public wants to fight the deficit by raising taxes, while 46 per cent prefers to cut domestic spending—the alternative that Congress has largely been refusing to consider.

☐ "My heart goes out to you," said Pope John Paul II, addressing thousands of Vietnamese, Cambodians, and Laotians in a Thai refugee camp. The Pontiff later spoke of the refugees' "cruel misfortune," and said, "It is something repugnant and abnormal for hundreds of thousands of human beings to have to leave their own countries because of their race, ethnic origin, political convictions, or religion, or because they are in danger of violence or even death from civil strife or political turmoil." Rejoice, Vietniks. Here is your victory.

☐ The marvelously effective and well-organized Center for Judicial Studies has brought out a new pub-

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lication, *Benchmark*, "A Bimonthly Report on the Constitution and the Courts." *Benchmark*'s first issue comments editorially on "the ignominious defeat" of the prayer amendment in Congress this spring. It has articles on the Social Security Amendments of 1983 and their impact on religion, and on equal pay for unequal work. There are reports on judicial matters, book reviews, and notices of important events coming up on the court calendars. In short, it's a handy way for the layman to keep abreast of what is going on in the halls of Congress and in the courts. James McClellan is the editor. Among the contributing editors are many names familiar to *NR* readers, among them: George Carey, M. Stanton Evans, Russell Kirk, William Kristol, Grover Rees, and Charles Rice. For info write: Benchmark, P.O. Box 15449, Washington, D.C. 20003.

☐ Tanzania's ruling party—make that Tanzania's only party—has signed, if you can believe it, a two-year agreement with the Soviet Communist Party for training in such matters as Soviet economic management. Tanzanian agriculture is about to be decimated by a late frost.

☐ Congratulations of some sort may be in order for Mr. Tony Pierre of Brunton, England, who missed the bull's-eye on his first parachute jump but did manage to land astride a bull. "The training never prepared me for anything like that," he said, and it rings true.

☐ Soviet director Yuri Lyubimov should have known better than to mess with *Rigoletto* in Italy. His unorthodox production in Florence, featuring Rigoletto in a circus-clown suit, with Hitler, Mussolini, and Mao Tse-tung in the scenery, was booed off the stage.

Can Heaven Wait?

DURING WORLD WAR I, stalemate on the Western front caused the belligerents to look elsewhere, to unrestricted submarine warfare and to military moves in the Dardanelles, the Middle East, and Africa. With the war between Iraq and Iran stalemated on the ground, the focus now shifts to the Persian Gulf, with Iraqi strikes against ships carrying Iranian oil, and the beginning of Iranian retaliation against shipping generally in the northern part of the Gulf.

Secular calculation cannot even begin to fathom the roots of the war, a holy war on the part of the Ayatollah, whose goal is to topple the government in Baghdad and set up an Islamic theocracy as part of his ongoing Islamic fundamentalist revolution. It is only from this perspective that such appalling phenomena as the human-wave attacks by Iranian child-soldiers become even imaginable, mass charges not only in the direction of the Iraqi lines but in the direction of Heaven. That kind of thing has not happened in the West for centuries, so far in the past that it has been forgotten and become incomprehensible. The religious fanatic who blew himself and our Marines up in Beirut was last glimpsed at the wheel of his explosive-laden truck . . . smiling.

But the Iranian theological dream contains an inner contradiction. Iran is financed and armed by oil revenues from the infidels of the West and Japan. For that reason, the mullahs in Teheran will not want to close the Gulf on anything like a permanent basis. Thus the Iranian threat: "Either the Gulf will be safe for all, or it will be safe for none." That threat, and the attacks that back it up, are meant to pressure the oil users to demand that Iraq lay off Iranian oil shipments.

The Arab states of the Gulf area are not eager for U.S. bases, but the Saudis' air capability is far superior to anything the Iranians have, backed by the U.S.-operated AWACS. Additional air power is available from our naval forces. But the bottom line has to be Iranian awareness that closing the flow of oil through the Gulf also means closing the war, and Thermidor for the Ayatollah's heavenly revolution. If you think this is a crisis, stick around for two years, the estimated time it will take the Ayatollah to acquire a nuclear capability.

The Uses of Civil War

MONDALE'S EARLY strategy had him triumphing on March 13, Super Tuesday, the day the voters of Massachusetts, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, and six other states went to the polls. The next target date was early May, when Texas, Ohio, and four other states voted. The big remaining date before the opening of the convention is June 5, and it does not look to be a Mondale day. Of the five states voting then, only West Virginia is solid for him. New Mexico, South Dakota, and California offer congenial Hart territory; even in New Jersey, where Mondale is favored,

The Pocketbook Is King

Though Chernenko's frown stays frozen
  And his athletes stick to home,
While his air force, really goofing,
  Shoots a plane down over Nome,
Foreign policy won't matter
  Nor will cries for war or peace
If home mortgage rates keep rising
  As new car loan rates increase.

W. H. VON DREELE

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it must be remembered that John Glenn won the state party's 1983 straw poll.

The dislike between the Hart and Mondale camps is authentic and strong. In effect, they represent two parties—a John Anderson Party and a New Deal Party. Hart and his supporters do think of themselves as harbingers of the future; of Mondale as the blighted past, a kind of Gothic-novel Curse from the Tomb. Mondale supporters see Hart as a threat to their livelihoods: "We Can't All Be Computer Programmers," read one poster at a Mondale appearance at the decrepit Cleveland riverfront.

As their race, like Pope's Alexandrine, drags its long, slow length along, the Republicans profess to take satisfaction from it. Murmurs from Reagan-Bush headquarters hint that Democratic conflicts are Republican victories; the longer Mondale and Hart fight, the easier Reagan's campaign becomes.

The delight in Mondale's woes reflects the obvious insight, that one divides in order to conquer. American politics offers spectacular instances—the Republican split of 1912, which elected Woodrow Wilson; the Democratic disintegration in 1860. More recently, Gerald Ford is convinced that Ronald Reagan's bitter-end challenge fatally weakened him and the party in 1976.

But struggle can toughen candidates as well as wound them. Ford, for example, delivered the first memorable speech of his life at the Kansas City convention, but only after months of pounding by Reagan; and he still managed to liberate Poland during the general campaign. What blunders would he have committed without the cram course in national politicking that Reagan gave him? On the ideological level, fights bring ideas as well as differences into focus. Battling parties discover what they stand for, and so do voters. Without the conservative challenge, the Ford election campaign would have been mush, with Nelson Rockefeller as running-mate.

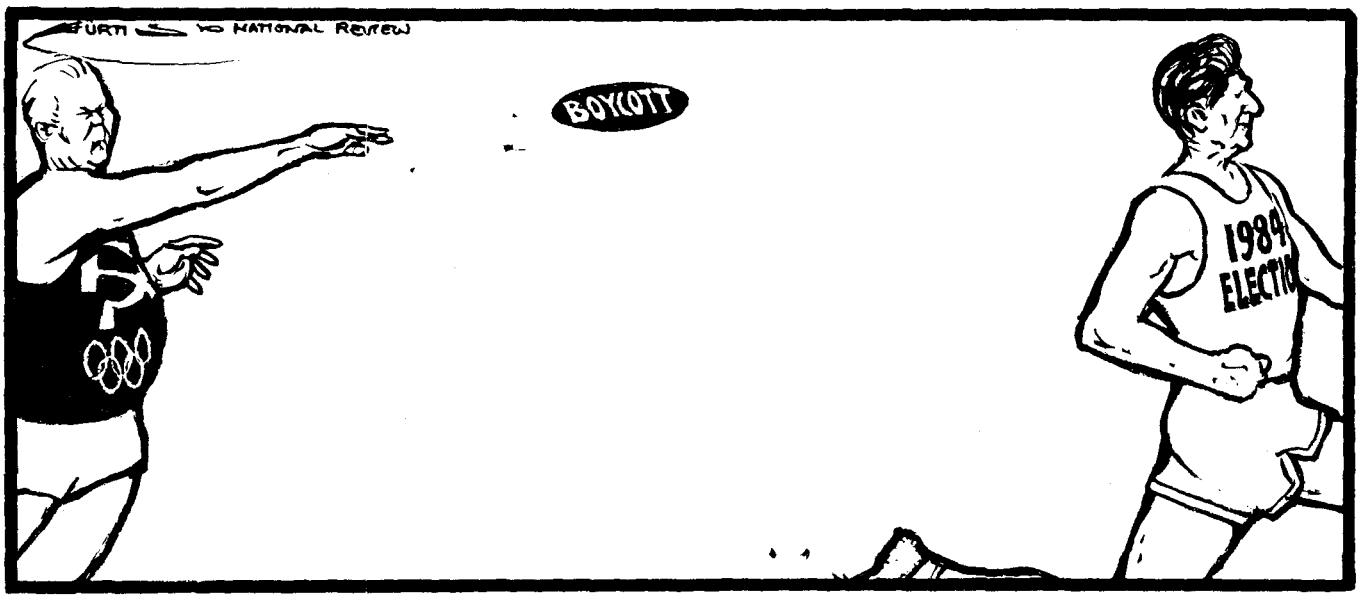
As conflict has virtues, so confidence has pitfalls. Probably no one will ever repeat Thomas Dewey's serenity. But Richard Nixon, in 1968, with prospects as bright as Dewey's and an almost equal determination not to make waves, barely beat Hubert Humphrey. Jimmy Carter, who won his first nomination by blurring distinctions and fuzzing issues, then watched his immense pre-Labor Day lead melt and melt away.

That kind of campaign suits the pragmatic managerialists Reagan inherited from Bush and Ford; Democratic squabbling all the way to San Francisco (and possibly beyond) supplies the pretext not to plan anything else. Reagan, as in the past, will have to remember to let himself be Reagan.

The MX Staggers On

THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES has again gone through a cliff-hanger on the MX—barely rejecting an amendment to kill it and passing, instead, an amendment by Congressman Les Aspin to cut production to 15 missiles per year. Aspin's amendment also blocks the funds until April 1985, at which time they will be released unless the Soviet Union has reopened serious arms-control negotiations with the United States.

Had the vote gone the other way, it would have been a disastrous outcome for the Western Alliance. Not because the United States cannot survive without the MX—but because the Soviet Union would have achieved the principal objective of its walking out of the START talks in Geneva. The U.S. Congress would have rewarded Moscow for intransigence. As it is, Aspin's amendment is intended to be an incentive for Moscow to return to the START talks. And Moscow may do so, prior to the Aspin deadline, if only to forestall production of the MX. But after seeing how little support there is in the U.S. Congress for redressing the nuclear balance, the USSR will not have the



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slightest incentive to negotiate seriously. Over the past two years, the Kremlin has not changed its own negotiating position one iota, and it has walked out of the Geneva talks in a huff. The only serious negotiations that have taken place are those between the Democratic-controlled House and the Reagan Administration. America negotiates with itself—and lately has been losing.

The one solace in the House action is that Aspin's amendment saved the MX for another day—which is the reason the White House swung behind the amendment at the last minute. The Senate is more favorably disposed toward the MX, so eventually a House-Senate conference should result in an increase in the number of missiles produced and in the removal of some of the restrictions. Yet the MX is by no means past all the legislative hurdles—it may face another serious and potentially fatal challenge later this year when the House turns to the appropriations bill.

The defense authorization and appropriations process—while we are on the subject—is in serious need of reform. It is illogical and dangerous for Congress to vote again and again and again on the same weapons systems. As a nation, we should be able to make a decision, put it behind us, and progress onward. It makes no sense to let weapons systems that take years to develop be held hostage by the vagaries of politics—whether international or domestic.

First Shots at the NEH

SIX WHITE HOUSE nominees to the National Council of the National Endowment for the Humanities have caught the eye of the *Village Voice*. They "range from moderately conservative to rabidly right-wing," and include Father James Schall, "recommended by the Heritage Foundation," and Kathleen Kilpatrick, "publisher of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, which was sued by that university . . ." When confirmed, the six will join such rogues as Jeffrey Hart, "NATIONAL REVIEW columnist and faculty advisor to the infamous *Dartmouth Review*" (shuddersome music, please).

What is going on here, as so often in such situations, is vote counting. The six nominees, plus ten previous Reagan nominees already serving, will constitute a majority of the council. The Left already has it in for William Bennett, chairman of the Endowment, who began his tenure by criticizing an NEH-funded documentary, *From the Ashes*, a piece of agitprop on Nicaragua, and so stands guilty of "politicizing" the agency. (To notice a leftward movement is to "politicize." To move left is to follow nature.)

In the world of federal megabucks, the NEH is a small agency, but it exerts considerable leverage in one of liberalism's last redoubts, the academy. The pressure will be on the Senate to stall the new nominees, in the hope of a Democratic victory. The *Village Voice* has only fired the first shot. Soon the *New York Times* can be expected to weigh in with similar sentiments, suitably scrubbed down (the nominees will be found to have weak credentials, little academic prestige, and so forth, and so on). If it wants to continue its efforts to restore some sanity and intellectual integrity to the humanities grants game, the Administration will have to back up its nominees.

Latin America Watch

THE FINANCIALLY strapped Nicaraguan regime has spent nearly $300 million on military construction so far this year, most of it on a network of airfields designed to receive arms shipments from the Eastern bloc. Cuba recently used the airfields to land a contingent of three to five thousand men, who have joined the Bulgarians and East Germans already in the area. Their mission is to secure the land bridge across eastern Nicaragua that Moscow and Havana need in order to continue infiltrating arms to guerrilla movements throughout Central America.

► *The Economist*'s bulletin *Foreign Report* recently quoted a Spanish source as stating that the infamous terrorist "Carlos the Jackal," a/k/a Ilyich Ramírez Sánchez, moved last year from Damascus to an estate owned by the Cuban government near San José del Lago in the Las Villas province of Cuba. There is concern that Carlos, now in middle age, is planning to disrupt the Los Angeles Olympic Games with the help of Palestinian terrorists.

► When Lieutenant Colonel Dési Bouterse, Surinam's gym-teacher-turned-strongman, tossed Cuban intelligence bigwig Osvaldo Cárdenas and other Cuban advisors out of the country after the Grenada fiasco in October, observers concluded the regime was renouncing its Communist tilt. Not so, say Surinamese sources. The whole charade was aimed at getting Holland to renew its substantial aid package to Surinam. Recent months have seen the regime once again heading in a leftward direction.

Free the Banks

WE KNOW THAT deregulating the banks would be good for consumers, who would get better interest rates and a wider choice of services. But, critics ask, what about the stability of the financial system? Good question. The troubles at the nation's eighth largest bank, Continental Illinois, suggest that regulatory reform might make banks sounder as well as more competitive.

In the case of Continental, as the London *Economist* explains, "Part of the blame must lie with the State of Illinois' antiquated banking laws," which have long restricted each bank to one building site.

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This "made it hard for Continental to find customers with whom it had daily contact and whose creditworthiness it could easily gauge." In New York and California, which permit statewide branching, large banks can balance their commercial lending with a stable base of "retail" business (ordinary depositors). Incidentally, banks in Texas and elsewhere have gotten into trouble when local economies went bust; nationwide banking would help spread that risk.

But it is not only the regulation of branching that needs reform. Under the current system, the high-flying bank that makes risky loans pays exactly the same premium for deposit insurance as its prudent competitor. And because deposits up to $100,000 are fully insured, there is no incentive for ordinary customers to keep their money in the safer bank—especially since the risky bank can afford to pay higher interest (risky loans bring in higher returns, until the luck runs out).

This creates an opportunity for a bank to push for rapid growth by catering to loan-seekers other banks turn down. The list of those seeking easy money is just about endless, but among the leading candidates are Third World borrowers, oil drillers, and commodity traders. Continental Illinois got involved with all three groups.

There are at least two attractive schemes around for reforming the deposit insurance system by moving it closer to market principles. One is to charge risk-related premiums, so that the high-fliers pay more. The other is to drop the government's current policy of reimbursing in full those deposits of *more* than $100,000. If such deposits were even slightly at risk —say, 90 per cent insured—then large depositors, at least, would have an incentive to shop around and reward the banks they believe to be safest.

Unfortunately, regulators have been preoccupied with the conflicting goal of preventing further short-term damage to banks that are already weak. Faced with a run on Continental by large depositors, the Federal Government hastily pledged to secure even the largest deposits. Next time it should not flinch.

Sakharov

FOUR YEARS AGO, Soviet authorities sought to rid themselves of their Sakharov problem by exiling him from Moscow to Gorky and placing an insulating wall of KGB agents between him and his colleagues in the human-rights movement. But his message still managed to get through, because his wife, Yelena Bonner, was allowed to travel back and forth from Gorky to Moscow. Now the authorities seem intent on closing the Sakharov channel to the West.

Mrs. Bonner-Sakharov has severe eye and heart ailments and wants to go to Italy for treatment, as she has been allowed to do on two previous occasions. Despite Sakharov's promise that, as in the past, his wife would make no political statement while in the West, the Soviets have denied her permission, claiming that her health is in fact satisfactory. They have also accused her of plotting with Western agents. Thus, with every other means of protest closed to them, the Sakharovs began a hunger strike May 2 and have vowed to continue it until Yelena Bonner obtains an exit visa.

This is the second hunger strike the Sakharovs have undertaken. The first was in 1981, when Soviet authorities refused to allow their daughter-in-law to emigrate to the West to be reunited with her husband. The Soviets gave way that time. This time it appears the Kremlin isn't going to give Sakharov another victory, even if it kills him.

It would be foolish to say that Sakharov's death would mean the end of the human-rights movement in the Soviet Union. As long as the Soviet Union endures, there will be a movement for human rights. But the Soviet people may never again have a dissident as galvanizing as Andrei Sakharov. Confronted by a government that intimidates people thousands of miles beyond its borders, Sakharov has never been intimidated. He protested the expulsion of Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn and the denial of citizenship to General Petro Grigorenko; he joined the struggle for the Crimean Tatars; he fought for the rights of religious believers of every denomination; the list goes on.

After Sakharov was sent to Gorky, the KGB began telling people it was investigating: "Now it's all over. You don't have your defender any more." In a matter of days, that may literally be true.

Mexican Standoff

PRESIDENT DE LA MADRID popped across the border last week to lecture Mr. Reagan and a joint session of Congress on Communist imperialism in Central America and United States imperialism in world economics.

As to Communist imperialism, he said it doesn't

Loony Toons

If the deficit isn't the problem
  And a tottering Illinois bank
Doesn't hint our deposit insurance
  Is as safe as a tanker that sank;
If the red ink from basket-case countries
  Doesn't darken your patches of blue,
You may call me Marie of Rumania
  When your shrink allows visitors through.

W. H. VON DREELE

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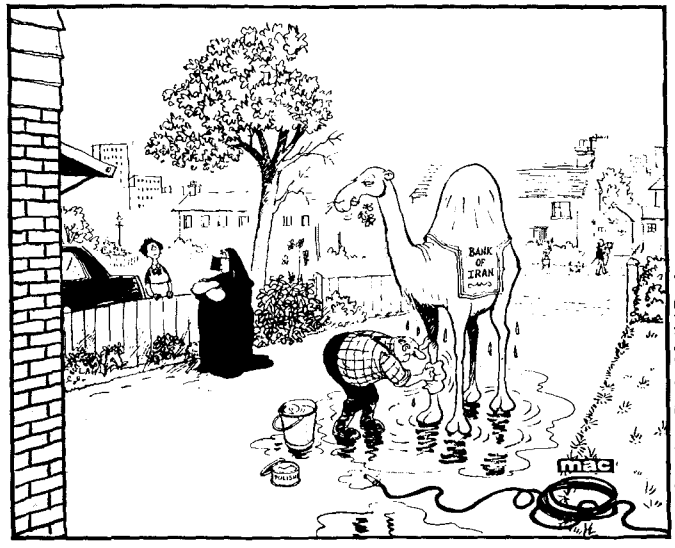
exist: "We are convinced that the Central American conflict is a result of the economic deficiencies, political backwardness, and social injustice that have afflicted the countries of the area. We therefore cannot accept its becoming part of the East-West confrontation, nor can we accept reforms and structural changes being viewed as a threat to the security of the other countries of the hemisphere." That's the same wimpy line the Left has adopted before every Communist takeover. Although Mr. de la Madrid is fluent in English, he addressed our Congress in Spanish; perhaps that's as good a clue as we need to conclude that he was talking mainly for the folks back home. Mexico has, however, rather quietly cut back its oil shipments to Nicaragua; Mexico has been Nicaragua's chief source of oil, and Nicaragua hasn't been paying for it. If, while pacifying the peasants by talking the old leftist rubbish, he can quietly stop the Sandinista military machine through fuel starvation, he's a good man to have next door.

As to economics, he made a couple of points that deserve to be made: "How, then, can we explain that developing countries are being told to reduce their public expenditures while other countries make use of a growing deficit as an essential lever for their recovery? How can we accept that a unilateral increase in interest rates nullifies the great efforts made for economic readjustment, accompanied by a lowered standard of living?" Indeed. The U.S. Government's crazed habits of spending and financing have destroyed the integrity of the financial system of the Western world. Washington is in no position to lecture any country on the conduct of its finances.

Also during his visit the Mexican president agreed to reduce export subsidies in return for tighter rules on U.S. tariffs on Mexican goods. All in all, it was a worthwhile visit on both sides, and current U.S.-Mexican relations may offer a rare instance where agreeing to disagree can be a truly creative policy.



Mac, London *Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Having to wear a yashmak at the bank isn't so bad, but we're a bit disappointed with the company car."

The Heroism of Sidney Hook

On May 14 in Washington, D.C., the philosopher Sidney Hook, recipient this year of the annual Jefferson Award of the National Endowment for the Humanities, delivered the accompanying Jefferson Lecture. It certainly would not be true to say that this was in any way the climax of Hook's career, but ceremonies and events do often possess their deeper meanings, and this was a fitting occasion: indeed a glittering one, at which one of our foremost philosophers of free institutions, recipient now of perhaps the most distinguished intellectual award bestowed by the government of the United States, honored his audience in turn by delivering in the capital of the Republic his thoughts at eighty-one.

Sidney Hook is almost as old as the present century, and he has lived its distinctive intellectual life with great intensity. A student of John Dewey, an early scholar and critic of Marxism and, long before it was generally acceptable, a fierce opponent of Stalinism, Hook as a philosopher is normally placed within the tradition of American pragmatism, as the intellectual continuator of the tradition of C. S. Peirce, William James, and John Dewey; and of course that is correct. In a recent essay on Hook, his friend and admirer Irving Kristol made an interesting point about this American tradition. In European political thought, Kristol said, democracy refers to a form of government, a regime, which today is considered superior to other forms and other regimes. But with these American philosophers, democracy is a more comprehensive thing, a "faith." For better or worse, that seems descriptively accurate. The democratic "faith" affects everything, aesthetics and religion, education and manners, as well as politics.

But there is another and equally true way of seeing Hook and his work. In his lucidity and his astringency, he possesses a classical quality that links him with the early American philosophers of freedom, and he would have been at home intellectually with the eighteenth-century men who designed the original republican framework.

In his Jefferson Lecture, Hook assessed both the sciences and the humanities from the perspective of the survival of free institutions. He evaluated shrewdly the cultural roles of both, but concluded that, vital though they are, more is needed. He recalled a Reagan proposal in 1981 for a federal endowment for democracy, which is now in the process of organization, and supplemented this by asking for a national effort toward education in the history and theory of free institutions. There is no doubt that we need education in American history focused upon such considerations—curriculum development at all levels, education in the lives of prominent statesmen of freedom

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and in the political theory behind republican freedoms. At one time, perhaps, such knowledge was traditional, absorbed and intuitive, but it is so no longer. In Hook's view, such education could mean the difference between the survival of free institutions and their demise here and around the world.

Over the years, Sidney Hook has himself been a hero in the intellectual struggle to defend free institutions. His endurance, nay, his relentlessness, has been immensely impressive. He is now completing his memoirs, and the portions that have appeared in magazines have been instructive and courageous. At 81, neither his combativeness nor his love of freedom has in the least been muted.

Francis August Schaeffer, RIP

THE STORY is told that several years ago, during a discussion of current philosophical and cultural issues at an evangelical college, the name of Francis Schaeffer kept coming up. Various people taking part in the seminar pointed to areas in which they disagreed with his thinking. His analysis of this book was flawed, or his critique of that writer was too simplistic. After some time, the senior member of the group put the conversation into perspective: So you might disagree with Francis Schaeffer on any number of things. Well and good. Just don't forget that if it weren't for him, and the pioneering work that he did, we most likely wouldn't be holding this seminar in this institution. Schaeffer is the man who spoke out when the evangelical church was largely silent and socially innocuous.

In 1968 Dr. Schaeffer published *The God Who Is There*, the first of more than twenty books to flow from his pen. Tirelessly he argued that all truth is God's truth, as he issued a trenchant call for the renewal of the Christian mind in the modern West. A man of the Reformation, he grounded his work—both that of L'Abri Fellowship, and his own books and lectures—on the firm conviction that the same God who created reality has spoken into that reality in a way that can be understood. There is, therefore, good news, and that good news is the truth.

In 1979 Francis Schaeffer co-authored *Whatever Happened to the Human Race?* with Dr. C. Everett Koop, to speak out forcefully against the slaughter of the unborn and warn of the coming battles over infanticide and euthanasia. They were not, of course, the first evangelical Protestants to become involved with this issue, but their carefully reasoned appeal awakened the conscience of many.

He lectured on art, philosophy, theology, history, the cinema, ecology; and he sought in all these pursuits not to develop a final expertise in a narrow area of scholarship, but, with clear broad strokes, to lay bare the underlying assumptions of modernity. "I believe people *are* as they *think*," he was fond of stressing. "The choices we make in the next decade will mold irrevocably the direction of our culture and the lives of our children." It was his commitment to the truth of Scripture that made him such a foe of totalitarianism and relativism, and caused him to champion freedom and the sanctity of human life.

On May 15, Francis August Schaeffer passed quietly in his sleep into the presence of the Master he had served and loved. —DENIS HAACK

An Involuntary Reaction

Polls tell me I should pull for Fritz,
But every time Fritz takes some hits
I get this sappy, happy glow;
I know I mustn't let it show,
But I start racing with the moon
At what could hit poor Fritz in June.

W. H. VON DREELE

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

You have a maddening habit of using the words "England" and "Britain" interchangeably; most recently in the column based on your interview of Neil Kinnock. You present a scenario in which the Soviets "take out Cardiff," and the U.S. President asks whether he should issue an ultimatum to the Soviet Union to "leave England alone"—as if Cardiff were part of England.

Listen: England is England. England plus Scotland and Wales is Britain (Great Britain, if you prefer). Britain plus Northern Ireland is the United Kingdom.

It would be wrong to go to Cardiff or to Glasgow and remark to the locals, "It's nice to be in England." Moreover, it would be most inadvisable.

Sincerely,
Richard R. Dobson
Editor of the Editorial Page
Minot Daily News
Minot, N.D.

Dear Mr. Dobson: Does that mean I can't say any more, Oh, to be in Cardiff, now that April's there?
Cordially, —WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I believe I may have a solution to several of our problems: foreign and domestic.

Do you think we might be able to arrange an

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exchange of prisoners with the Soviet Union, in this case, however, our most hardened career criminals for their most troublesome, i.e., dissenters? The exchange would, of course, be for life, and each nation would forfeit in perpetuity all claims for return or freeing of the exchanged parties. The effect of this would be to: 1) gain the release of Soviet dissenters from Gulag, 2) incontrovertibly remove our worst criminals from further victimizing our society, 3) reduce the need for expanding our prison system, possibly even allowing for its reduction (who knows—it may even become obsolete!), and 4) serve as a deterrent against criminals who will not conform their behavior to our society's norms. Such a proposal might be very attractive to the Soviets, who surely would just as soon barbarize our criminals as their own; after all, what do they care as long as their slave camps have fresh meat? Besides this, such an arrangement could easily resolve in just a few years the present inequity of nature by placing *all* the criminals of the world over there and all those yearning to be free over here. (Sort of reminds one of Superman's Phantom Zone, doesn't it? Star Wars prison reform, anyone?)

Do you think it will work? Has anyone ever thought of this before? Do you think an issue like this has any hope in an election year?

Regards,
Seamus Oneal
Tripler Army Medical Center, Hawaii

Dear Mr. Oneal: I think the idea is absolutely terrific, and my only fear is that the Democrats will see it first. On the other hand, Mr. Reagan reads his NATIONAL REVIEW before Mr. Mondale does, so I think we're safe. Cordially, —WFB

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: E. Campion Kersten

You will note from the attached that Potemkin lives.

Stephen B. Scallen
Professor of Law
University of Minnesota Law School
Minneapolis, Minn.

Re: 1984 Soviet Union Tour

Dear Professor Scallen:

I would be interested in joining your tour to the Soviet Union if the "appropriate legal institutions," "exotic settings," and "special activities" referred to in your promotional letter included visits to:

—the mental institutions where nonconforming ideas and attitudes are treated;

—the Gulag camps, where the humaneness (*vel non*) of the conditions for political prisoners might be observed;

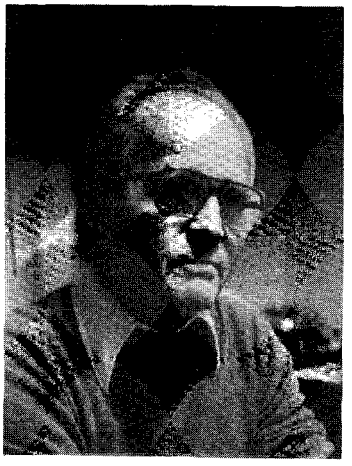
—the special facilities of the Lubyanka which have so often succeeded where other legal institutions have failed in achieving the objectives of your hosts.

Enjoy!

Yours truly,
E. Campion Kersten
Kersten and McKinnon
Milwaukee, Wisc.

☐ Memo to: All admirers of fine photography
From: WFB
Re: A Milestone

The photograph on this issue of NATIONAL REVIEW is by Jan Lukas. It is the o-n-e h-u-n-d-r-e-d-t-h photograph, by Jan Lukas, used on a cover of NATIONAL REVIEW. In the estimate of the editor, JL (a Czech freedom fighter, who escaped via Yugoslavia 18 years after the 1948 Communist coup, it having taken that long to figure out how to escape with his family) is, at the kind of thing he does, the best photographer living. Appropriate that he should publish so frequently in NATIONAL REVIEW. *Tous les beaux esprits se rencontrent*, as Casey Stengel used to say.



☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am writing to you regarding the recent use of the word "Chink" on the cover of your magazine. By allowing such a slur word to be used, you have insulted all Chinese people. It was in very poor taste and you most certainly owe the Chinese an immediate apology.

Yours truly,
John S. Tan
President
Chinese American Civic Council of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Tan: We have received many protests from members of the Chinese-American community about that cover. We greatly regret the inadvertent offensiveness of it. The blackboard list was supposed to suggest the invidiousness of quota systems. It began (you will remember) with James Watt's ill-fated joke about women and cripples and Jews, then wandered on through other groups. The vulgarism "Chink" was meant to represent affirmative action's subversion of its own goals, as outlined in Professor Mansfield's article. *NR* regrets the misfire, and apologizes to our readers. Cordially, **—WFB**

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REMARKS OF THE CHAIRMAN

As we convene for this first meeting of the Republican Platform Committee, I want to thank you for your willingness to participate in this arduous process. I also wish to demonstrate anew that rank has its privileges. You have the responsibility, of course, of drafting the specifics of the GOP platform. But I have the responsibility, as I see it, of outlining for you eight key concepts—doctrinal anchors, if you will—which ought to moor our thinking as we approach Ronald Reagan's second term.

National Security. The best antidote to war is preparedness. In the Civil War, the South seceded only after President Buchanan had stripped the North of its arsenal and stubbornly refused to seek moneys to bolster the nation's defenses. World War II was precipitated by the weakness of our Allies—and of ourselves. Peace will come only through the exercise of a sturdy, granitic determination to rearm with conventional and new weaponry, including the space ABM, B-1 and Stealth aircraft, MX, the M-1 tank, and binary chemical weapons.

Dealings Abroad

Foreign Policy. The diplomacy and geopolitical strategy of the United States must be rooted in the belief that, absolutely and unequivocally, mankind is more elevated and fulfilled under a democratic government and a capitalist economic system than under Soviet Communism or any of the Marxist-Leninist or statist regimes that now rule at least one-half of the world's nations. The U.S. should be generous with economic and military aid to those countries that emulate our model. Toward those states that are controlled by the State, however, we must be stingy, denying, and, when it is in our national interest, punitive.

International Trade. The President and the Republican Party must be unyielding in their efforts to prevent high-tech hardware, capable of military use, from being sold to our enemies. To this end, the Export Administration Act should be strengthened, and the authority of the Defense Department to review licenses to sell overseas should be broadened.

Budget. Working Americans are entitled to keep what they earn. This is the foremost principle and presumption that must control the budget process. Budget outlays of any sort should not be undertaken that rob working people of their hard-earned income. So the government must take on the heavy burden of justifying why it takes money out of a person's pocket, a *volte-face* from the decaying liberal strain which says that every dollar not taxed is a "tax expenditure." A second budgetary principle is that deficits must be reduced. Interest charges on the prevailing $1.5-trillion debt run to $140 billion annually, an intolerable legacy for our posterity.

Crime. Two principles should be invoked in your drafting, I submit. First, criminal trials ought to target on determining the guilt or innocence of the accused, not on following some social belief that results in the exclusion of pertinent, damning evidence. U.S. criminal law must be reformed so that if any wrongdoing occurs in the course of compiling evidence against the accused, the wrongdoing will be dealt with outside the criminal trial.

A second principle that our platform should enshrine is that penal sentences for career criminals must be genuinely long-term. Documented studies show that hardened recidivists commit up to one thousand crimes per year, and average three hundred.

Civil Rights. Color- and gender-blindness must be etched into our nation's laws, as well as executive orders. The President should unilaterally rescind executive orders that grant employment or procurement preference based on race or gender. (The Labor Department's Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs is a special offender, with its explicit endorsement of race and gender preferences in the work forces of government contractors.)

The Power of Ideas

Education. Diversity and localism are the GOP's governing doctrines here. In the quest for knowledge, one truism stands out: The best test for truth is the ability to win acceptance in the marketplace of competing ideas. The openness of the marketplace is enhanced when diversity and localism thrive. So, tuition tax credits, innovation at state and local levels in the area of teacher training, and pupil/teacher testing are the order of the day. Federal control smothers the vitality of our educational system.

Safety Net. Those Americans who are truly deprived, whether mentally or physically, should be supported by the government in a decent standard of living. But we should distinguish sharply between the handicapped and the freeloaders. If we fail to discriminate between the inculpably needy and the willfully lazy, the nation will not be able to sustain the level of resources necessary to support those who are genuinely in need.

In conclusion, let me add that it is the power of ideas alone that drives human allegiance, values, and life. The present sorry state of our political opponents—soon to lose their status as the party of the majority—is due to their withered and sterile ideas. It behooves us to quicken that transition to minority status for the Democrats by the ongoing originality of our Republican ideas, and the honesty with which we put them forward. □

Editor's Note: The above remarks are fictitious, but the author wishes it were otherwise.

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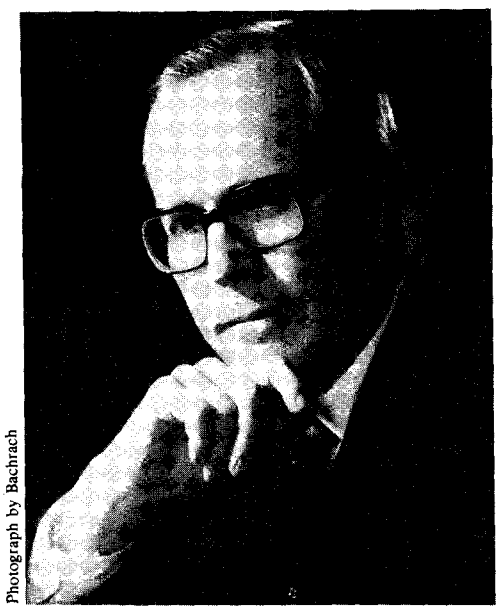
"Vivid and engrossing"

—WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.



Photograph by Bachrach

"A lively, candid, autobiographical account of the modern conservative movement. It reads with the ease that only a polished writer can accomplish."

—PHILIP CRANE (R., Ill.), U.S. House of Representatives, Former Chairman, American Conservative Union

"An insightful and comprehensive history . . . All the more authoritative because it is written by one of the architects of the conservative movement."

—PAUL LAXALT (R., Nev.), U.S. Senate, General Chairman of the Republican Party

"Excellent . . . No one in America understands more clearly than Bill Rusher, or has articulated more consistently than he, the growth, the ethics, the conflicts, the cohesiveness, the inner secrets, and the philosophies of American conservatism. This book is the culmination of a brilliant understanding of the American right." —ORRIN HATCH (R., Utah), U.S. Senate

THE RISE OF THE RIGHT

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

William Morrow
105 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

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A TRIP TO ENGLAND

OH TO BE in England, I thought, like Browning, when April was half gone, so I flew to London from Newark Airport, standby. I found not elm trees in tiny leaf, because beetles have killed off most of the elms in England, but a coal miners' strike. With a dutiful sigh, Your Correspondent pulled out his notebook.

The government of Margaret Thatcher wants to close down some uneconomic coal mines, still open only because they are nationalized. (Miners can blackmail the government into paying them $100 for $50 worth of coal by threatening the alternative of *no* coal. But with time this has become less threatening—because of oil.) Some miners have gone on strike to keep the "threatened" pits open, while others are working because the pay and bonuses are good (up to $170 per day). The BBC showed perhaps unprecedented footage of striking and working miners menacingly arrayed on either side of a thin police line. (See also "Scargill's Great Gamble," p. 45.)

"When the pits made money," Peregrine Worsthorne wrote in the *Sunday Telegraph*, "they were the objects of socialist loathing, symbols of exploition. Now that they lose money they have become objects of veneration, symbols of the dignity of labor. How outrageous of Mr. MacGregor [the Coal Board chairman] to offer to buy the miners out of their jobs with filthy lucre. In a socialist society, they would be guaranteed a job underground for ever and ever."

Of course, the purpose of the strike is political. The *Times*'s columnist Ronald Butt noted that the goal of Arthur Scargill, the president of the National Union of Mineworkers, is "revolutionary socialism." The leader of the Labour Party, Neil Kinnock, could not resist supporting the strikers, to the consternation of such pro-Labour papers as the *Daily Mirror*. The Labour Party even appealed to its 270,000 members to contribute a small amount each week toward the miners' strike fund. Kinnock thereby put himself and the Labour Party at odds with the forty-thousand-odd working miners.

Striking miners and some transportation workers have tried to make the strike more effective by preventing delivery of coal to a steelworks in Scotland. This isn't likely to work, either, because of the excess steel capacity worldwide. Steel is another nationalized industry that the British government has run indulgently, as a taxpayer-supported employment bureau. An increasingly distressed *Daily Mirror* editorialized: "What possible gain can there be for the miners to force permanent shutdown of the Ravenscraig steelworks? Mrs. Thatcher's cabinet refused to let it happen because it was afraid of the political consequences. But now miners are in danger of doing to the steelworkers what the government would not allow."

Stopgap coal has been imported at Wivenhoe, a port in Essex. Picketing miners promptly made their way there and tried to prevent coal trucks from moving. They were supported by students from Essex University, who allowed these "flying pickets" to stay overnight on their campus. Alas, the progressive forces once again showed signs of contradiction. "Students were shocked when striking miners made sexy suggestions to women at their university," the *Daily Mail* reported. "Students' Union president Colin Adkins said, 'Some people got upset when miners wolf-whistled and made crude remarks.' Union women's officer Deborah Coles said: 'They were sexist comments.' The students were so angry they put up a notice warning: 'We offer our comradeship—so stop treating us like sex objects.' "

It is clear that Mrs. Thatcher can easily win this industrial round—just so long as she does not listen to the numerous "wets" in her party: Tory gentry who for generations have been the beneficiaries of privilege, and who have thereby acquired a natural diffidence when confronted with the self-made men of the trade-union movement. But it is now widely recognized that these union officials (and rank-and-file) have themselves for too long been the beneficiaries of special government protections, which market forces are gradually being permitted to displace. To the extent that this continues, both the waning aristocracy and the diminished trade-union movement will find themselves part of an expanded middle class, as in America.

PARADOXICALLY, the British landowning class has been protected (among other ways) by the very high tax rates on income, which have prevented the new rich from accumulating the means to challenge the old. Instead they were driven abroad, to tax havens. Thus it was a step in the right direction when, this spring, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Nigel Lawson, removed the 15 per cent surcharge on "unearned" income, thereby reducing the top tax rate from 75 per cent to 60 per cent. Tax revenues collected will certainly increase as a result, and so will competition. The London stock market has been enjoying a boom.

Income-tax rates in England are still far too high, however. You encounter the 45 per cent bracket at $25,480, and the top rate of 60 per cent takes effect at a taxable income of $53,300. And there are equally serious problems at the bottom rungs of the economic ladder, where excessive welfare benefits exceed take-home pay in entry-level jobs, creating very high implicit tax rates on work for those who seek self-reliance. The Chancellor is said to be aware of these problems, and perhaps he will address them in next year's budget. □

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STORM CLOUDS IN MIDEAST

IN RECENT TIMES, the world's attention has naturally been focused on three main areas of tension: Central America and the Caribbean; southern Africa; and the Near East (mainly Lebanon). Almost unnoticed, however, signs have been accumulating that point to a dangerous crisis brewing up in the Middle East—that vast area between the Gulf and India.

A moment's thought will show that there are pressing strategic and economic motives for the Soviets to give top priority to this region. For one thing, just as Central America and the Caribbean constitute America's backyard, so the Middle East is the Soviet Union's—and a vast backyard at that. By the same token, just as the U.S. enjoys short lines of communication to Central America and the Caribbean, while the Soviets are far away, in the Middle East it is the U.S. that faces the logistical handicap of conveying supplies over vast distances, while Moscow enjoys the major advantage of internal lines by land routes.

As even revisionist historians are aware, access to warm waters is a centuries-old dream of Russia, whether in its old or its new imperial guise. Oil is another imperative. More than half the world's known reserves are in the Middle East, and the USSR, while not exactly short of the stuff, is more and more constrained to extract it at high cost, in hostile climatic conditions, and to transport it over vast distances. An unpleasant dilemma looms ahead for the gerontocracy in Moscow: either a catastrophic drain on relatively slender reserves of gold and hard currency, or mounting unrest in the East European empire, which normally looks to the Soviet metropolis for continuing supplies. Perhaps, indeed, both; i.e., the drain *and* the unrest.

If Moscow could achieve a stranglehold on Middle Eastern oil, not only would it consolidate (or more accurately, restore) its grip on restless Eastern Europe, but it would also, at last, gain the necessary leverage to "de-couple" both Europe and Japan from the United States. World supremacy—a Czarist aspiration and a Leninist imperative—would be within sight.

The signs of long-term involvement are certainly not lacking. The most visible is of course Afghanistan, but it should not be seen in isolation. In late April, the Soviets launched an offensive in the Panjshir Valley, north of Kabul, consisting mainly of saturation bombing of Afghan resistance positions.

It is pure illusion to suppose that the Soviets can be persuaded to quit Afghanistan, which is an absolute necessity to them as a springboard for intervention further afield. Increasingly, the Soviet public is being prepared, through the controlled media, for a conflict of indefinite duration. One of the most significant pointers to the fact that Afghanistan is viewed as the theater of a regional "protracted conflict" lies in the continuing references to the "progress of the revolution" in that country. Land reform and the "struggle against illiteracy" are said to be going forward, even though the nasty reality is that the country's agriculture is in ruins, and in some districts children have been unable to attend school for two or three years.

For all that, this is not an easy war for the Soviets to *win*. Because of scattered pockets of resistance, they are in effect fighting several wars; while massive desertions have seriously depleted the puppet Afghan army.

In neighboring areas, too, the Soviets are stirring up trouble. They are training Baluchis—more than three thousand of them—in terrorist methods in the Soviet Republic of Kazakhstan and reviving talk of a "People's Republic of Baluchistan," which would straddle Afghanistan, Pakistan, and Iran. Simultaneously they are threatening and destabilizing Pakistan, for President Zia ul-Haq's sin of harboring two or three million Afghan refugees. India, in contrast, received advanced Soviet weaponry following the trip to New Delhi of Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov.

In the ghastly Gulf war, the Soviets are supporting both sides, sending arms to Iran through Libya, North Korea, and Syria, and to Iraq mainly through East European satellites.

KURDISH rebels are being trained in Soviet Azerbaijan for action in Iran; and new cadres for the hard-pressed Tudeh (the Iranian Communist party) are being given the finishing touches. KGB operations against Iran are based in Kuwait, which is also headquarters for a "Bahrain National Liberation Front."

South Yemen—a Soviet satellite—provides bases for operations against Saudi Arabia and Oman.

In this whole area, even more perhaps than elsewhere in the global conflict, the West is at a disadvantage. Future historians, I have not the slightest doubt, will point to the decision of the Harold Wilson government, in the late 1960s, to withdraw from "East of Suez" as a major turning-point in the struggle for the world; and, ten years later, to American acquiescence in the fall of the late Shah as a decisive aggravating factor.

One thing the West can be relied upon to do: the careful self-infliction of wounds, potentially mortal. □

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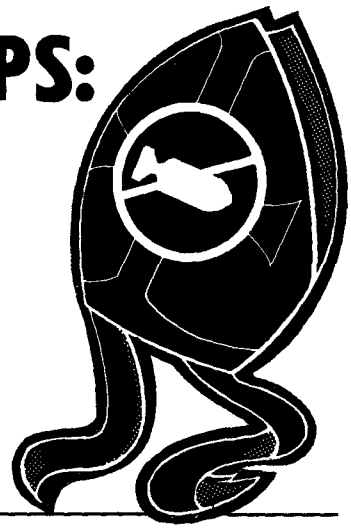
BREAKFAST WITH THE BISHOPS: AN ANNIVERSARY



JOHN TAGG

I could never have imagined the extreme degree to which the West actually desired to blind itself to the world situation, the extreme degree to which the West had already become a world without a will, a world gradually petrifying in the face of the danger confronting it, a world oppressed above all by the need to defend its freedom.

There is a German proverb which runs Mut verloren—alles verloren*: When courage is lost, all is lost. There is another, Latin one, according to which loss of reason is the true harbinger of destruction. But what happens to a society in which both these losses—the loss of courage and the loss of reason—intersect? This is the picture which I found the West presents today.*

—Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Warning to the West

IN THE YEAR 909 the bishops of the province of Rheims in council at Trosly held forth on the perils of the times. "You see before you," they wrote, "the wrath of the Lord breaking forth. . . . There is naught but towns emptied of their folk, monasteries razed to the ground or given to the flames, fields desolated. . . . Everywhere the strong oppresseth the weak, and men are like fish of the sea that blindly devour each other." Such dire visions were not unusual for several hundred years before and after that council. In 1146 Bishop Otto of Freising, in his "universal history," spoke of his own generation as "we who have been placed at the end of time." Pope Gregory IX, in the thirteenth century, began one of his bulls: "Since the evening of the world is now declining . . ." It was not a naïve faith but the evidence of lived horror that brought the prospect of the Day of Wrath so vividly before the European mind. To Europeans of a thousand years ago, in the words of Marc Bloch, "nothing was farther from their minds than the prospect of a long future for a young and vigorous human race. . . . humanity as a whole seemed to be moving rapidly toward its end."

The bishops who gathered in Chicago just a year ago, in May 1983, were by medieval standards very old men; they were met to exercise their teaching ministry in a society in which the stability of social and economic relations and the flexibility of both public and private life would have astounded their predecessors at Trosly. So greatly had the conditions of life changed in the intervening millennium that the twentieth-century bishops were moved to the most poignant compassion for the material plight of persons whom their tenth-century brothers would have regarded as superabundantly privileged. But one thing, it seems, had not changed. The bishops were still, or again, anticipating with dread the end of the world.

"Nuclear war threatens the existence of our planet; this is a more menacing threat than any the world has known," the bishops tell us. "We are the first generation since Genesis with the power to threaten the created order," they intone to pulsing chords in a minor key. They are scrambling with more than a hint of desperation to develop "a theology of peace suited to a civilization poised on the brink of self-destruction"—poised at such an angle, in such a breeze, that "no greater challenge or higher priority can be imagined." The urgency of stopping the "arms race," then, is not contingent or circumstantial, it is absolute. Not only are there no higher priorities at the moment, none can be imagined. These bishops are scared. They can feel the cold breath of annihilation at their backs. And they are convinced that they are the first ones who have ever felt it.

In this, they are wrong and historically naïve. These bishops do not seem to realize that most of the human beings who have lived on this globe have lived most of the days of their lives in the real prospect of death, often violent death. They do not seem to realize that violence has ruled the lives of the mass of mankind, or that the scope of that violence often threatened, in the eyes of its victims, the whole world. They know the Psalmist's lament to God: *"My couch is among the dead; / like the slain who lie in the grave."* Yet these bishops seem not to hear in that cry the voice of Everyman, the burden of lives of slavery lived in the shadow of death.

Most important and most troubling of their lapses, these bishops do not appear to recognize the magnitude of the difference between the common lot of man on earth and the lot of Western man today. These bishops see themselves as the spiritual counselors of the first generation of human beings to believe that they may be the last. But, of course, they are not. This is not the first generation in which many believe the demise of human life may be imminent. It is merely the first generation to be surprised by that thought. I suspect that the bishops' misunderstanding of the past molds their misapprehension of the present.

Mr. Tagg, who does an occasional column on language for the Los Angeles Times*, is a writer and consultant who lives in Southern California.*

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The bishops are alive to a "new moment" in the struggle for peace. But what they see as new is very old, and what is really new they do not see at all.

II.

I read the American bishops' pastoral letter on war and peace some months after its first appearance. It was not that the issues addressed lacked urgency . . . well, to tell the truth, yes, it was precisely that. I had a feeling that those issues would be around for a while. By the time I went into the nearest Catholic bookstore on a more immediate errand the first two printings were already sold out. I put in my order and waited several more weeks to get my copy in the mail. In the meantime, a great deal was written about the letter. By the time the thing itself was in my hands, I had seen several summaries, commentaries, and critiques. And some of these were substantial contributions in their own right to the public discussion of which the pastoral letter was a part (I would especially note Michael Novak's pieces in NATIONAL REVIEW and Albert Wohlstetter's in the June 1983 issue of *Commentary*).

Others were predictable. Helen Caldicott, until recently president of Physicians for Social Responsibility, captured the reaction of the peace movement nicely when she gushed that "the bishops' peace pastoral is the most profound document I've read on nuclear weapons." She found it "the greatest thing the Roman Catholic Church has ever done." Charles Manatt, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, was more measured in his praise. Still, he reported, after discussing the pastoral with the Democratic candidates for the Presidency, that "the basic consensus of our party" was "fairly reflected" in it. But nothing I read or heard, least of all the published comments of my own bishop, prepared me for the letter itself.

"We urge every diocese and parish," the bishops said, "to implement balanced and objective educational programs to help people . . . understand better the issues of war and peace. . . . To accomplish this, this pastoral letter in its entirety, including its complexity, should be used as a guide and framework for such programs." The bishops are serious. They do not intend the terms "balanced and objective" to amuse. And, indeed, if we take them at their word, our chuckles die aborning as we envision innocent, well-intentioned laymen, now further enlightened by *The Day After*, treating this letter as a "guide and framework" for their understanding of strategic defense issues. The pastoral letter in its entirety, even excluding its complexity were that mercifully possible, is a confusing and muddled piece of work.

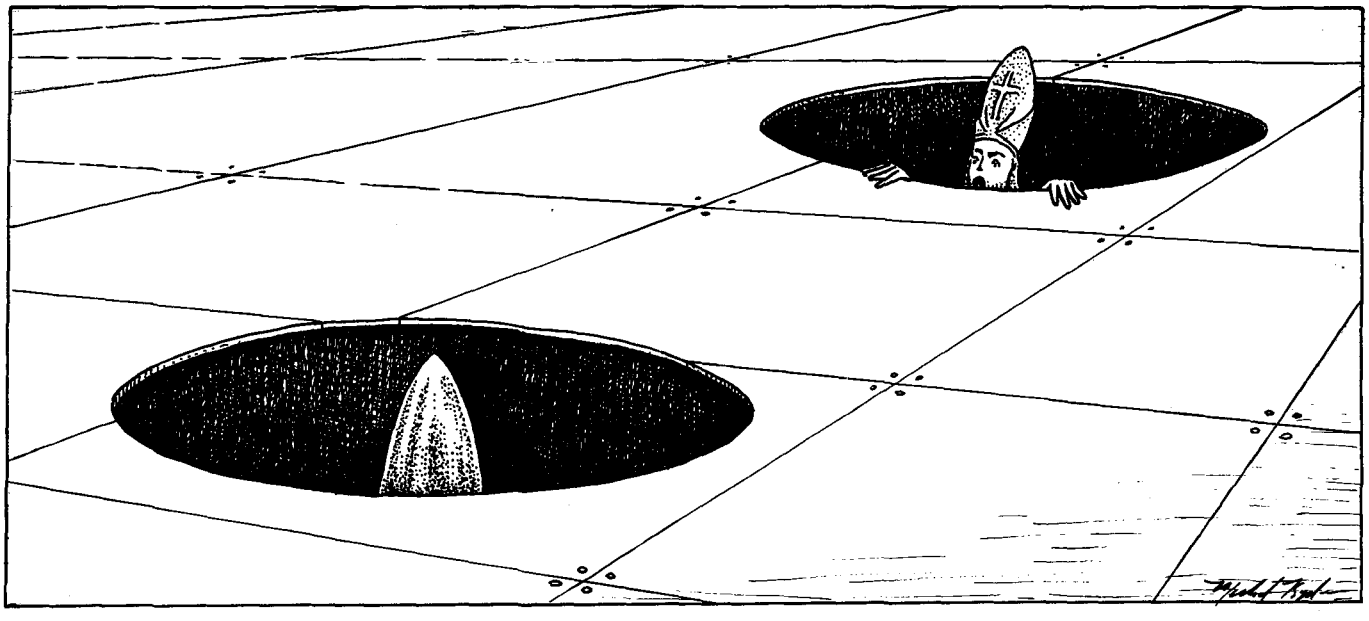
The bishops, in their central appeal, urge us to say No to nuclear war. And "our No to nuclear war must, in the end, be definitive and decisive." But, while speaking of the need to be definitive and decisive, the bishops do not define with any clarity, and their failure of definition is especially acute when we come to the question of how to go about saying No. The focus of the bishops' concern is the risk of nuclear war. But the bishops do not genuinely address the question of why we face that risk or just what degree of risk we do face. They find the "arms race" unacceptable without ever directly asking what has caused it. The bishops find the disease of the modern world too urgent for diagnosis; they rush directly to treatment.

The reason the letter is confusing is not the quantity of detail but the failure to address certain fundamental questions. A comparison of the bishops' letter with the Harvard Nuclear Study Group's *Living with Nuclear Weapons* will reveal that the Harvard group manages to discuss many of the same issues in considerably greater detail than do the bishops and with enormously greater clarity.

The bishops' letter resembles the Bible in at least one respect: It could be quoted to prove almost anything. Most assertions about the letter could be countered with evidence from the letter itself. This is because it often says contradictory things in different sections and says almost everything in prose that combines the abstraction of moral theology with the logical rigor of the *National Enquirer*.

III.

One need not have a commanding expertise in strategic matters to know that American nuclear policy has something to do with the Soviet Union. But the bishops hardly mention the Soviet Union until page 76 of their 103-page letter. The just-war theory, deterrence, limited war, specific arms-control proposals—all are discussed without analysis



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of, indeed almost without reference to, the USSR. Thus the bishops develop an approach to the policy of deterrence free of any account of what and who is being deterred.

Their treatment is abstract in precisely this sense: In no case are their conclusions or prescriptions concerning U.S. policy based on explicit assumptions about Soviet policy. Thus the bishops' treatment of nuclear morality is removed from the first condition of genuine moral reasoning: an accurate appraisal of the real context of choice.

This point could be illustrated by a dozen prominent passages from the letter: Take this one: "If nuclear deterrence exists only to prevent the *use* of nuclear weapons by others, then proposals to go beyond this to planning for prolonged periods of repeated nuclear strikes and counterstrikes, or 'prevailing' in nuclear war, are not acceptable. They encourage notions that nuclear war can be engaged in with tolerable human and moral consequences. Rather, we must continually say No to the idea of nuclear war."

What is the antecedent of "this" in the first sentence? I take it to be "to prevent the *use* of nuclear weapons by others." If this is correct, then the bishops appear to be saying that planning for nuclear strikes beyond a first strike cannot prevent others from striking first. But does this not depend upon who those "others" are and how *they* perceive the situation? Planning counterstrike strategy, the bishops appear to say, will "encourage notions that nuclear war can be engaged in with tolerable human and moral consequences." In whom will it encourage these notions? In the "others"? Does that not depend upon what they consider tolerable, and upon their conceptions of humanity and morality? And as we go about saying No to nuclear war, whom are we addressing? Is this "prophetic challenge" any more than an act of idle display? To say No is the vilest of self-delusions if we say it in accents that tempt our adversary to think Yes. The bishops can make sense, to say nothing of prophecy, only if they will people their challenge with the real agents of moral choice. And this they will not do.

The refusal to take account of the Soviet Union is a radical defect in the pastoral's analysis, but it is symptomatic of a general abstraction from reality that emerges whenever the term "moral" or "morality" comes up. The bishops' refusal to take account of the real context of moral choice allows them to fly in their fancy far above the dull sod of evidence. Having acknowledged a fact out of rhetorical necessity, they do not hesitate to change their minds about it.

The bishops tell us that "non-nuclear attacks by another state must be resisted by other than nuclear means. Therefore, a serious moral obligation exists to develop non-nuclear defense strategies as rapidly as possible. . . . The need to defend against a conventional attack in Europe imposes the political and moral burden of developing adequate, alternative modes of defense to present reliance on nuclear weapons." But when the subject of paying the bill comes up the bishops "reluctantly" acknowledge that this policy "could . . . conceivably require a willingness to pay higher costs to develop conventional forces."

But no, that hurts too much. "We feel obliged to contribute a moral dimension." The word "moral" is our cue to put on our seven-league boots and march away from reality. The same bishops who told us about our "serious moral obligation" to provide an adequate conventional defense now enter a "moral dimension" wherein they "hope that a significant reduction in numbers of conventional arms . . . would go hand in hand with diminishing reliance on nuclear deterrence." And, yes, yes, hope hard enough and, in the very next paragraph, the hope can become a conviction: "We believe that any program directed at reducing reliance on nuclear weapons is not likely to succeed unless it includes measures to reduce tensions and to work for the balanced reduction of conventional forces." Can it happen? Sure it can! "Important possibilities exist which . . . would ensure against building up conventional forces as a concomitant of reductions in nuclear weapons." Such as? Well, for example, the "confidence-building measures still envisaged under the Helsinki agreement."

The pastoral letter does not make a coherent argument for a given nuclear policy, it gives ecclesiastical sanction to wishful thinking

Thus we have to spend more for conventional forces or arms control won't work, *and* we have to spend less for conventional forces or arms control won't work. Cynics might conclude that the bishops have made a strong case for the proposition that no matter what we do arms control won't work. But no, this is the Moral Dimension, and in the Moral Dimension anything can happen.

The pastoral letter does not make a coherent argument for a given nuclear policy, it gives ecclesiastical sanction to wishful thinking. If we try really hard to negotiate an arms-control agreement we'll get one, if the Soviets agree. If we had some ham we could have some ham and eggs, if we had some eggs. Breakfast with the bishops is not featured on the thinking man's diet.

So often do the bishops fail to convey any clear meaning, so often is an apparently clear statement contradicted or compromised a few pages later, that one is forced to seek some underlying logic, some unstated but consistent assumptions. One could easily get the impression by reading *about* the pastoral that the bishops reject a simplistic logic of consequences for a more rarefied deontological approach that holds certain actions intrinsically wrong irrespective of the consequences. I came to the letter expecting to find, in some form, that a desirable end does not justify any means which may be necessary to achieve it. But what we find is a conviction often amounting to a certainty not only that the end justifies the means but that The End is at hand.

Nowhere do the bishops examine the evidence on the stability of current nuclear arrangements. They do not argue that war is probable. Instead, they set out to show that nuclear war would be horrible and, in what is more a logical twitch than an enthymeme, conclude that it is likely. They talk very little about the United States and the Soviet Union. Rather, they follow what is now an established convention and reify the metaphor of the "arms race," abstracting the different policies of different nations out of their political and strategic contexts and speaking of the "arms race" as if it were itself a moral agent.

While they frequently quote popes and councils on the

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Justice and freedom are described in calm and measured tones, while the very mention of the subject of survival shocks these churchmen into mega-hype

theme that genuine peace must be built on justice, one has the impression that this is more from good manners than from real conviction. "Justice is always the foundation of peace," they say. And again, "No society can live in peace with itself, or with the world, without a full awareness of the worth and dignity of every human person, and of the sacredness of all human life." Hence, "The moral duty today is to prevent nuclear war from ever occurring *and* to protect and preserve those key values of justice, freedom, and independence."

They say those things, yes they do. But justice and freedom are described in calm and measured tones, while the very mention of the subject of survival shocks these churchmen into a crackling, whirring mega-hype. Personal worth and dignity are all very nice, but "nuclear war threatens the existence of our planet; this is a more menacing threat than any the world has known." "We are the first generation since Genesis . . ." "No greater challenge or higher priority can be imagined."

The implicit weighing of values behind the bishops' thinking nowhere comes closer to the surface than in their discussion of nonviolence. I found it deeply disturbing, all the more so because nothing I had read about the pastoral had prepared me for it. It begins with a quotation from the Second Vatican Council's *Pastoral Constitution on the Church in the Modern World.* The council praised "those who renounce the use of violence in the vindication of their rights and who resort to methods of defense which are otherwise available to weaker parties, provided that this can be done without injury to the rights and duties of others or of the community itself." That "provided" invalidates the pacifist position as a general option in the face of unjust aggression. The bishops, however, seem utterly unaware of the implications of what they have quoted.

"Nonviolent resistance," they proceed, "like war, can take many forms depending on the demands of a given situation. There is, for instance, organized popular defense instituted by government as part of its contingency planning. Citizens would be trained in the techniques of peaceable noncompliance and noncooperation as a means of hindering an invading force or nondemocratic government from imposing its will. . . . It may not always succeed. Nevertheless, before the possibility is dismissed as impractical or unrealistic, we urge that it be measured against the almost certain effects of a major war."

Or, again, a few paragraphs later: "Nonviolent popular defense does not ensure that lives would not be lost. Nevertheless, once we recognize that the almost certain consequences of existing policies and strategies of war carry with them a very real threat to the future existence of humankind itself, practical reason as well as spiritual faith demand that it be given serious consideration as an alternative course of action."

Consideration by whom, as an alternative to what? I have puzzled over these paragraphs for a long time. I have tried to read them in such a way that they do *not* say that the United States and other Western nations should seriously consider training their citizens to nonviolently resist military invasion by totalitarian states. I have not been able to discover any way to escape from that reading.

Granted, the bishops do not quite assert the superiority of nonviolence. They simply urge that it be considered. They do, however, assert that a nonviolent defense needs to be weighed against existing policies. And of those they say "the almost certain consequences of existing policies . . . carry with them a very real threat to the future existence of humankind." The threat is "very real," which must mean that it will probably be realized. It is borne in the arms or riding on the shoulders of consequences that are as likely as anything on this earth. In other words, if we go on as we are it is extremely probable that we shall all die, every single one of us. *That* is what we are asked to measure against training classes in how to lie down in front of tanks, and noncompliance with automatic weapons.

The moral reasoning here is thoroughly utilitarian. Passivity in the face of unjust aggression will seem to some intrinsically wrong. The *Pastoral Constitution* appears to condemn passivity that permits "injury to the rights . . . of others." But for these bishops such actions are justified by their end. It is all right to sacrifice the rights of others now, where it would not have been so in the past, because we have a new end in view, a "new moment."

Where is justice in this decision? Where is peace? Where, indeed, is any realistic conception of the world and its people? Oh, they're back with the quotations from the popes and the councils. They're back with the soothing phrases for concerned publics. But when push comes to shove, when "very real" choices need to be made, when we come to cast our lot with horror or against horror, then peace, justice, reality are out in the cold.

These paragraphs are not just interesting as evidence of an approach to moral reasoning. They are also exemplary of a discourse that raises the non-sequitur to a place of honor. For once we penetrate the veil of syntax that has been erected against us we see what the bishops are saying. They are saying that the citizens of an occupied state should resist the occupying armies nonviolently because if they resist violently there will be a nuclear war and the end of the world. The supposed impracticality of nonviolent resistance must "be measured against the almost certain effects of a major war." The citizens of these occupied countries will have hydrogen bombs in their garages, you see . . . No, seriously, what will happen is that the Russians will be so mad about snipers in St. Louis that they will blow up the world to *really* teach them a lesson. Hence, unless we adopt gun control tomorrow we've as good as bought it because a major war will be "almost certain" . . . The possibilities for amusing extrapolation are endless, but we should remind ourselves that, after all, these men are bishops. The better part is perhaps to turn silently away from this logic of nonviolence that does violence to logic. St. Thomas Aquinas, pray for us.

The bishops urge us as explicitly as they can without being hooted down by an unenlightened public to weigh being nonviolently Red against being violently dead. But they themselves do not do so. They do not complete the equation for us. They ride on the assumption, made explicit

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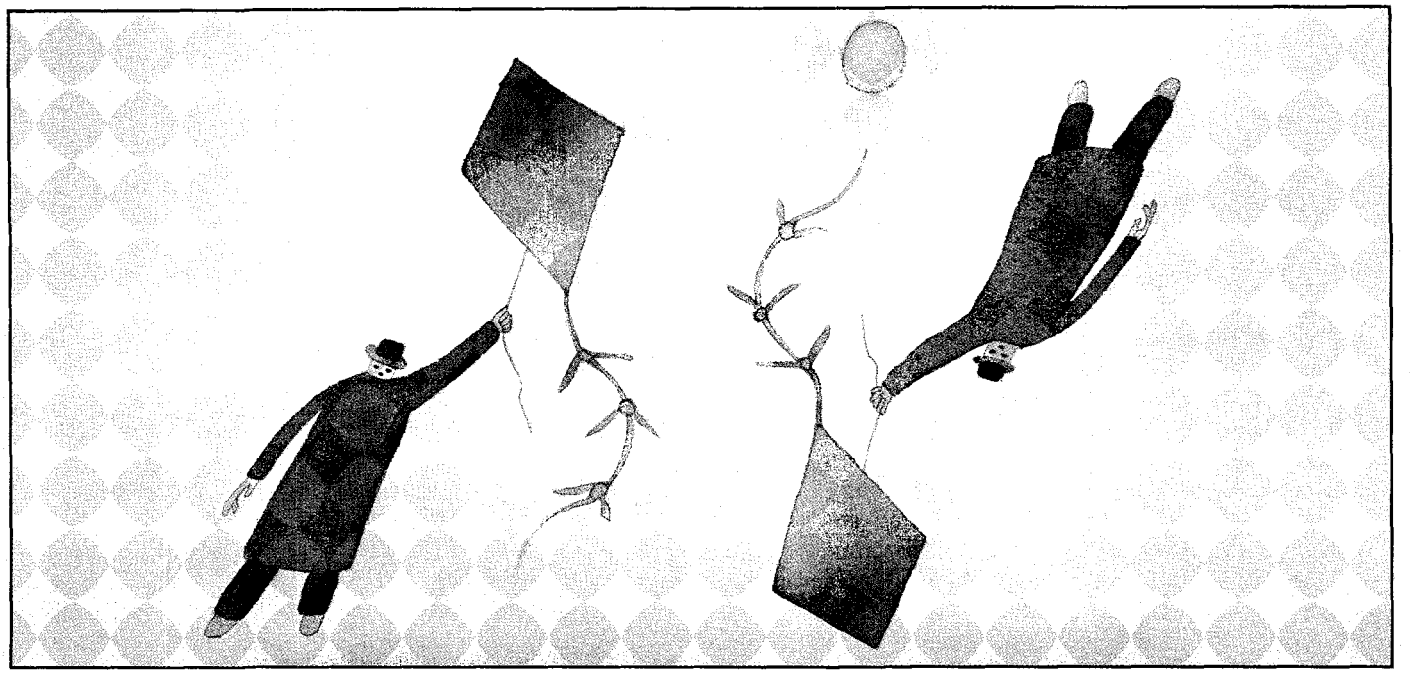

ELECTRICITY FROM THE ATOM

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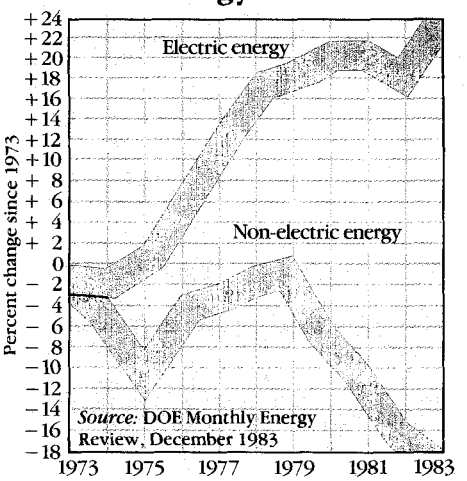
Electric vs. non-electric energy use



Source: DOE Monthly Energy Review, December 1983

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The bishops' 'theology of peace' sounds more like a White Queen's than a bishop's: peace yesterday, peace tomorrow, but never peace today

at several points, that it is *a priori* impossible for anything to be worse than nuclear war. Hence we don't need to look at the alternatives, we don't need to weigh the costs, we must simply do anything rather than increase the risks of nuclear war. Justice, human dignity, truth, freedom, peace—these are lovely concepts and fall ever so sweetly upon the ears. But put them all in one basket and place them on the balance against annihilation and there's no need to even look at the pointer. The bishops' scale is permanently sunk on the side of "a more menacing threat than any the world has known."

Finally, it becomes clear, this pastoral is poorly named. "The Challenge of Peace," the bishops called it. But peace, as it turns out, is not what it's about at all. Peace, as Jesus and the popes and the councils and even these bishops define it, the peace that is built on justice—even that, when weighed in the crucial balance, counts for nothing. For what are the chances for that peace in the world of "nonviolent resistance" to oppression? We need not examine the question because we know in advance that the answer will not matter. By the standards of "The Challenge of Peace," even peace counts for nothing.

This is a morality of consequences to the *n*th power. Its central axiom is not simply that the end justifies the means but that The End justifies . . . anything whatsoever. The fundamental flaw in this pastoral is that, for all its deference to detail and protestations of complexity, it is simplistic. The bishops boast that their arguments are "nuanced," and urge us to attend to shades and tones, but the picture of the world that they draw for us is stark black and white. And it is a false picture, because what the bishops do not see is often more important than what they do.

IV.

I began with a quotation from a bishops' council of a thousand years ago. One way to get some idea of what our present-day prelates are missing is to contrast the world of today with the world of the tenth century. The choice of a time is arbitrary. It could as well be any other time and place before the present era. How has the race done and how is it doing in light of the goal of peace, as the bishops define it?

A handful of countries today have established a way of life that is in significant respects historically unique. I refer to what might be called the "Western democracies," premiere among them the United States of America.

What is it that's unique about this way of life? It is a hard thing to express, but I would put it this way: The West has succeeded to an unprecedented degree in establishing social, economic, and political arrangements that ultimately sanction the role of the individual person as a moral agent. Another way of putting it would be that these societies have subordinated other goals to the protection of the possibility of individual choice by their people. And by doing so they have brought about a new order of life and created a new possibility of peace, that peace which can only be built upon "a full awareness of the worth and dignity of every human person."

Everyone who has ever voluntarily picked up a book of history probably did so, in the first instance, because it was exciting. I think it is part (by no means all) of a mature perspective on history to recognize that one of the reasons why the past offers such a dramatic rush of varied events is that there were so few players and so few rules.

The Western democracies today offer a startling contrast to most human experience. It is a contrast that cannot and should not be neatly summarized. The bishops' view that the world is divided by "ideological differences" notwithstanding, the uniqueness of the West cannot be captured by talk of ideology, because that uniqueness consists in large measure precisely in the rejection of the bonds of ideology. It is an economic phenomenon, to be sure, and capitalism is a part of it. It is a political phenomenon, certainly, and constitutional democracy plays a role in it. It is a spiritual phenomenon, of course, and Christianity, in unity and in multiplicity, helped to form it. It is a scientific phenomenon, without doubt, and the freedom to observe and reason about the world is in large part what sparked its development. It is a phenomenon not of ideology but of ideas.

"Pluralism" is a term that reduces this process to an abstraction and misses the boat rather badly. Even "individualism" is a bit too much of an "ism" to fit. This new way of life entails a tension between elitism and egalitarianism in a context where the freedom to seek power is balanced against institutional and cultural restraint on the accumulation of power. It is a back-and-forth, up-and-down arrangement in which the individual, surrounded by and immersed in more countervailing groups and pressures *than he can count, finds room to prevail.*

We often hear the complaint that "America has no more heroes." And there is a certain degree of truth in it. The reasons for this are no doubt many and complex. But I think one explanation has not been sufficiently attended to. We produce fewer heroes in the United States because, in the United States, what might have been heroic acts are not against the law. Genuine peace is not conducive to the making of heroes. In our day, it is Poland that produces heroes.

It is entirely predictable that whenever people are put in charge (not "the people," who do not exist, but people, who do) certain things will happen. Greed will raise its ugly head, bad taste will run rampant, sloth will war with intemperance for the upper hand. None of this is new; surely none of it is surprising.

This is what is new, and what ought to give us pause: There are whole societies that have dared try the experiment of offering people freedom, *carte blanche* to do their worst, and these societies have yet to fall like so many houses of cards. They are alive and well by any reasonable standard. And that really is a "new moment" in the life of mankind on earth.

A new moment, and perhaps a passing one. In terms of population and land area the Western democracies constitute a small minority on this planet. And they are certainly the exception among the nations of the earth in their rejection of ideology. The West is the world of ideas: bad

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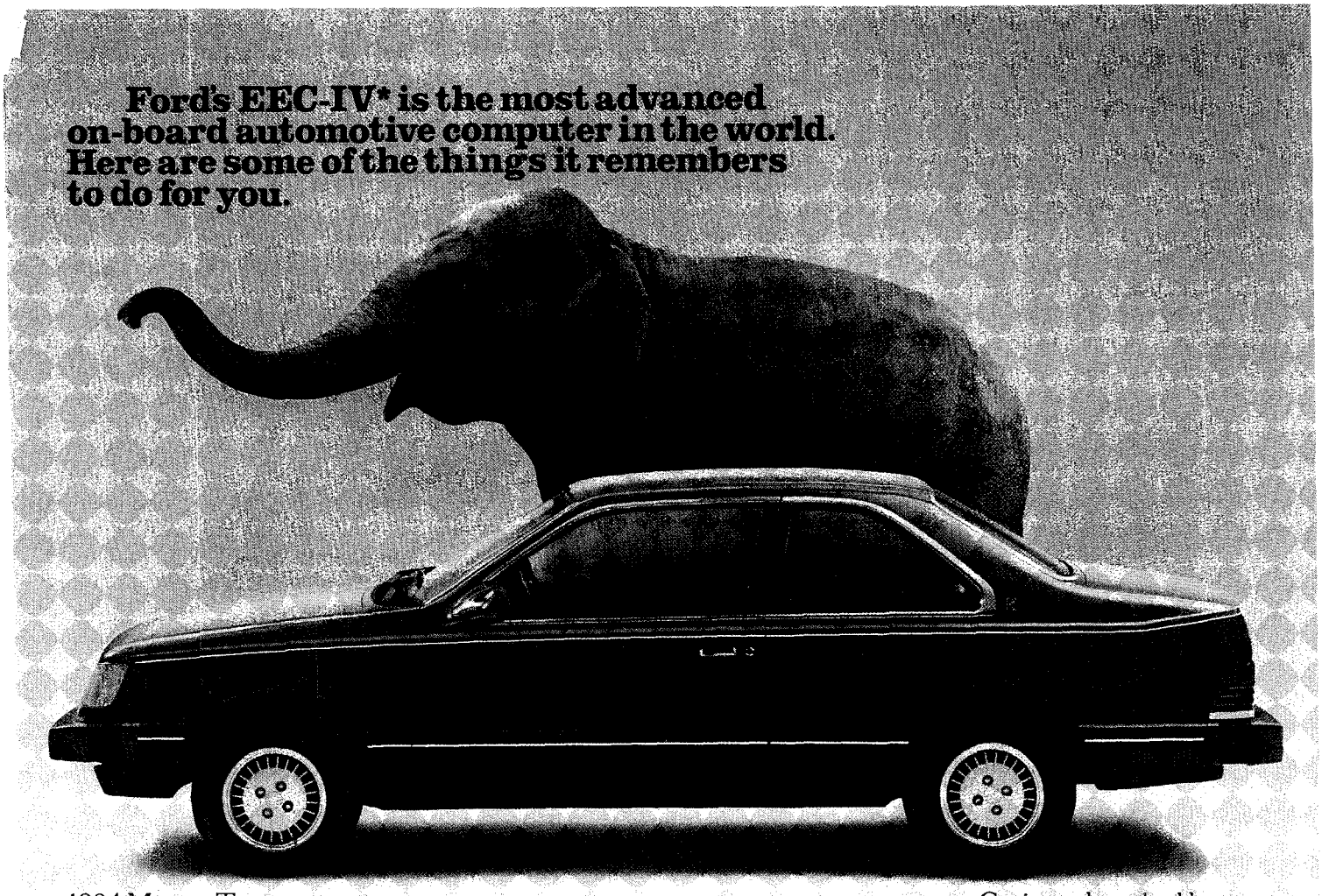
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ideas and good ideas, but essentially free ideas. The possibility of ideas creates the possibility of truth.

Ideology is essentially opposed to the possibility of ideas. And ideology is a potent force in the world today. Leszek Kolakowski, formerly a professor of the history of philosophy at the University of Warsaw, has written recently about the direction and scope of ideology in this respect: "Not only does it have all-embracing pretensions, not only is it supposed to be infallible and obligatory; its aim (unattainable, fortunately) goes beyond dominating and regulating the personal life of every subject to the point where it actually replaces personal life altogether, reducing human beings into replicas of ideological slogans. In other words, it annihilates the personal form of life." ("Totalitarianism and the Virtue of the Lie," in *1984 Revisited: Totalitarianism in Our Century*, edited by Irving Howe.)

Should bishops have a choice between these options, between the way of ideas and the way of ideology, between peace and the annihilation of peace? They assert that they do. But they do not seem to think that the new moment of freedom achieved by the West is of much consequence. They speak kindly of it in places, but it clearly does not stir them. What stirs them, what moves them urgently, is the fear of the end of the world. And it drives them finally to a kind of ideology of fear in which ideas are mentioned only to be cast aside until one clear, simple dominating principle rules our thought.

V.

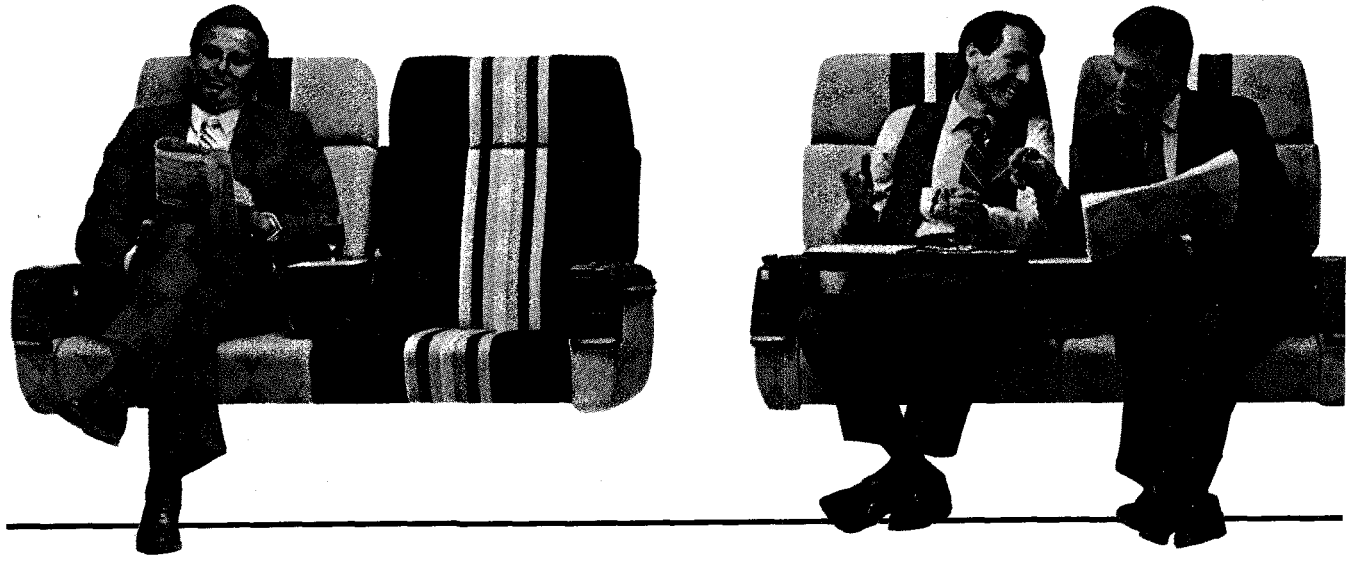
It is worth taking a moment to do what the bishops do not do: to weigh the alternatives, to consider what kind of world we would have if this ideology of fear were to hold sway. What would be the prospects for peace, if the attitudes that this pastoral expresses were to prevail?

Short of nuclear war, the world will never again be free of the threat of nuclear weapons. Now that the knowledge of how to construct such weapons is widespread, nothing less than the decimation of the industrial infrastructure of the world could make it impossible to build and use them. This does not mean that nuclear weapons will probably be used. But increasing control of nuclear weapons is at the option of those who now possess them.

If it is the case that the most advanced weapons are by their very nature not susceptible to moral use, and if it becomes the declared and actual policy of governments that aspire to moral behavior to abjure the use of such weapons, then immoral governments will uniformly prevail over moral governments and aggressive governments over peaceful ones. If we take the view that beyond a certain threshold of potency weapons become inherently immoral, we have then committed ourselves to an astonishing view of human evolution according to which the progress of technology will inevitably reverse progress of every other sort. We have also committed ourselves to a peculiar view of morality according to which it becomes a moral obligation to behave in such a way that only the immoral may rule.

If nuclear weapons will always be with us, and if the use and credible threat of use of such weapons is to be reserved to totalitarian ideologues, then the rule of totalitarian ideologues will be permanent. Given the history of ambition and adventurism among totalitarian ideologues taken as a class, nuclear war would be considerably more likely under the new dispensation than it is at present and

TWA's 3 PAIR BEATS PAN AM



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would in fact be the most probable conclusion of the final chapter in the story of moral evolution.

In short, if power has finally outgrown morality and the moral must retreat from the active defense of their cause, then our "right action" will condemn all of our children to the end of time to live in a world in which "the strong oppresseth the weak and men are like fish of the sea that blindly devour each other." And there will be no haven to which refugees may flee.

To suggest that the "theology of peace" offered by the bishops tends thus to hand the world over to the barbarians will strike some as irresponsible. In fact, I do not consider any of these horrible events likely. They would become likely, however, were the principles of morality that the bishops have borrowed from *The Fate of the Earth* to become operative mores in the West.

We do not face a choice between different styles of disaster. We certainly do not face a choice between being Red and being dead. It is a disservice to paint our perils in black and white, or in black and black. Certainly, Christians in the modern world are called to be peacemakers. But if we are to do that we must begin by recognizing how far we have already come in building new foundations for peace. We will never achieve the Gospel vision of peace in this world. But it is our task to make a world where persons are free to build what peace they may.

Justice Potter Stewart came in for considerable abuse for having the candor to say of pornography, "I can't define it, but I know it when I see it." The plight of America's bishops in facing the challenge of peace is just the reverse. They can define peace, often, eloquently, and variously. But they don't know it when they see it. They are incapable of recognizing the thing itself, even when it's right under their noses.

Praising peace, but blind to its manifestations, they produce a "theology of peace" that sounds more like a White Queen's than a bishop's: peace yesterday, peace tomorrow, but never peace today. The bishops are thirsty for the fresh water of peace. But like the ship afloat in the immense mouth of the Amazon River, they have lost their bearings. Someone needs to call out to them: "Cast down your buckets where you lie!"

As for the end of the world, it may be upon us, though I have heard no very persuasive reason for believing so. A nuclear disaster could happen, and it is the duty of Christians to do what they may to husband God's creation and protect it from abuse. But we do so, as Christians, in the knowledge that we have not a lasting dwelling here. I was struck by a paradox that escaped the attention of the decision-makers at ABC. That exercise in puffery called *The Day After* was broadcast on Sunday, November 20: the Solemnity of Christ the King. Surely the juxtaposition of messages provides food for thought.

Our faith does not commit us to predictive judgments about the length of our tenure on this planet, or the mode of its termination. I am comfortable with the conviction that the end of the created order will neither require nor wait for human invention, any more than did its beginning. But I do not pretend to know how many days remain to us as custodians of this world.

We need not know how many tomorrows there will be to know this: If we are to meet the challenge of peace tomorrow, we must begin by preserving and defending the peace we have today. □

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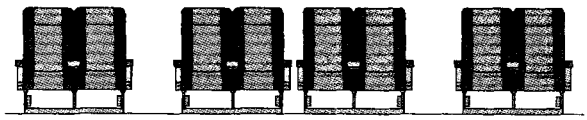

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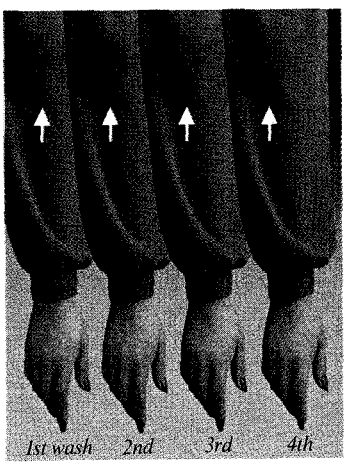
1. Freedom From Stain Worries:

And what a joy! Once you've lived with VISA† you'll discover that it washes brighter and cleaner than many other fabrics you're used to. You see, many other fabrics simply "lock in" stains. And sometimes, those stains never come out. But VISA is made to release most oily dirt right in your washer; those tough stains break up and disappear.



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VISA comes clean in one wash.

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You know how some of your white clothing looks dull after you've washed it? How colors don't quite look their brightest? That's because many fabrics actually "pick up" dirt from the wash water. But not VISA. Because VISA does not attract oily dirt, your "dingy" problems are over. A blouse or anything made of VISA comes out looking its brightest.

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In hot weather, especially, many fabrics can feel hot and sticky on your skin. Actually uncomfortable. The reason is that these fabrics trap your skin's natural moisture and odors. Give you that "clammy," not-fresh feeling. But VISA "moves" the moisture

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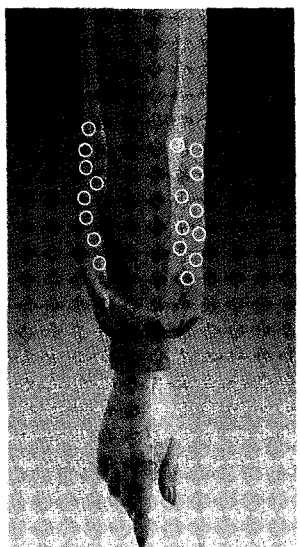
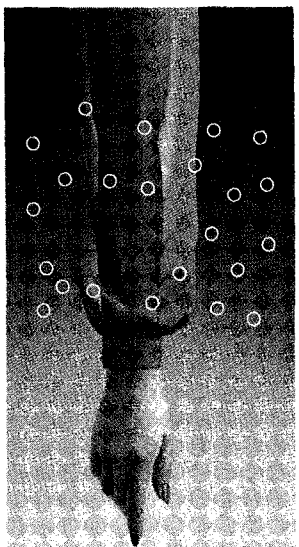
away from the skin...with all the comfort and wonderful wearability you could ever want. The result? With VISA, you feel cool and fresh.



Ordinary fabrics can trap body moisture, feel hot.



VISA "breathes"; you feel cool and comfortable.

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The truth is, not every fabric can stand up to the wear and tear of everyday living or stay its best after repeated washings. And some fabrics simply need a lot of attention to keep looking good. But VISA is made to wear longer, look brighter and fresher longer. It even releases wrinkles and will hold its shape beautifully...wash after wash.

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One of the real pluses VISA gives you is its marvelous machine washability. Imagine not having to spend all that money for dry cleaning. Today, that can be a real saving. Then, too, things made of VISA not only last longer, they look newer longer, as well. After all, the longer things last, the less often you have to replace them.

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Now, you can surround yourself with a whole world of high-performance VISA products. From family apparel to on-the-job or sports uniforms to sneakers to fashions for your home. Count on VISA to give you the ease and comfort you want.

Why not discover the fantastic freedom of VISA for yourself? Just look for the VISA tag where you shop. And once you've tried it, you'll know why VISA, made of

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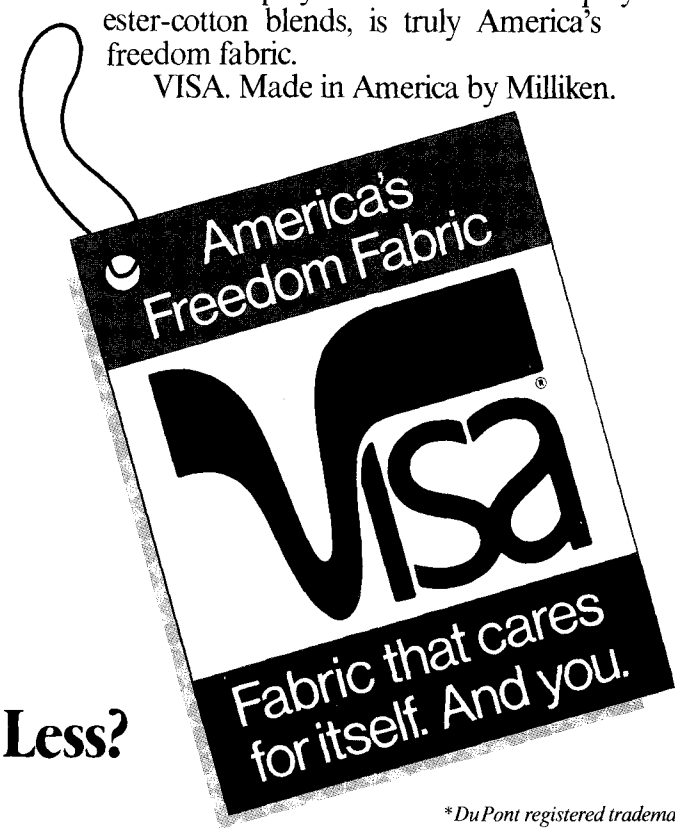

Why Settle For Anything Less?

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"Those who expect to reap
the blessings of freedom must, like men,
undergo the fatigues of supporting it."

Tom Paine
After the American defeat at the battle of Brandywine—1777

Peace, liberty, and security.

They depend upon a strong national defense. It is a lesson learned and relearned throughout 5,000 years of recorded history.

By far the least costly way to preserve freedom is to build and maintain an adequate defense.

Opinions may differ on what is "adequate," but informed men and women believe that it must include research and development of the most advanced defense systems. Equally, it requires the production and deployment of superior military equipment that will, if necessary, stand against any hostile force.

And, above all else, there is one essential element in America's national security system: the more than two million men and women who serve with distinction in our armed forces. It is their courage and dedication that are America's most certain guarantees of freedom.

Lockheed

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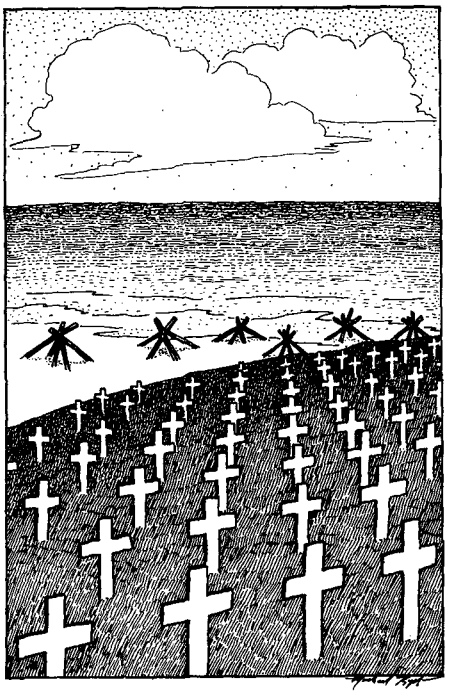
QUIET BEACHES, VERDANT FIELDS

THIS YEAR marks the fortieth anniversary of the invasion of France by Allied forces in the Second World War, one of the greatest military operations of history and the overwhelming battle of our time. Many thousands, including the Presidents of the United States and France, the Queen of England, and every veteran who can possibly make it, will gather at the beginning of June to mark that moment, the last time when living memory can effectively stir the original blood. The generals of that day have already departed, and the ordinary soldiers who fought as young men are this year likely to experience the last time they can make a proper communion with the graves and the pale ocher cliffs and the green turf of that mighty battlefield. After that, age will of necessity close this chapter of the book.

To the eye the book is still very much open. The casemates and blockhouses of Festung Europe are visible; even though half-buried in the sand or converted into summer cottages, they cannot be mistaken for anything else. Off Omaha Beach, the waves wash over the remnants of the steel sawhorses planted out in the tide to impede enemy landing craft. At St-Laurent-sur-Mer nearby, nine thousand white crosses sweep along the heights above the sea. This will be a center of some of the grandiose ceremonies, and also of smaller gatherings, those organized among individual units that came ashore on that day, such as the First Infantry Division, the Big Red One, which has its own granite monument a short way over the hill toward the shore. Down the road, back toward Bayeux, on the landward side, is a German graveyard with black and silver crosses, and there will be German veterans this year in Normandy too.

Mr. King, director of the Foreign Press Center in New York, served with the U.S. Army in France during the war.



The crowds everywhere will be enormous. For over a year, every room in every inn and hotel has been besieged. From Deauville in the west to Mont-St-Michel at the gates of Brittany, as far back inland as the Bocage Normand or Le Bec-Hellouin, veterans and their families, Americans for the most part but British and Canadians too, have nailed down their rooms, their rental cars, their minibuses, even their dining-room tables. They will be taking part in a series of commemorations at Omaha and Utah Beaches, at the Pointe du Hoc, at St-Lô and at Ste-Mère-Eglise, one of the targets of American paratroopers who dropped into Normandy early in the dark of D-Day morning ahead of the landing craft. One of them got his harness caught on the spire of the church of Ste-Mère-Eglise. All day long he hung there, dodging shot and shell as best he could until at nightfall they cut him down safe. Back in North Carolina, after the war, he had the experience printed on his business cards.

This year there will be no reservation of enthusiasm on the part of the French government as there was for the twentieth anniversary, in 1964, when General de Gaulle was president of France. The General, head of the Free French in England in 1944, had not been dealt in on the invasion plans. He did not know where or when the allies were to land on his native soil—without, initially, any participation of French troops. In fact, de Gaulle was only informed of the invasion some hours after it began and then only by a low-ranking British officer. The memory was a deep wound in his consciousness, and so, when it came time for planning celebrations in 1964, the government in Paris breathed a cold, outwardly incomprehensible wind of indifference. There were celebrations, but only on a local scale, and no minister of any importance, indeed no ranking French figure, was allowed to attend them. Instead, General de Gaulle put all of what enthusiasm remained into the far less important anniversary of the Allied landings in the South of France later in 1944, in which French troops had indeed played a prominent part.

That will of course be forgotten in this year's spectacular events—dedications and rededications, torchlight parades, banquets, receptions, even a parachute jump. But chiefly, for most veterans, it is the simple being there in the quietness of the countryside that matters: to touch the old reality taken off the wall and out of the album, these things that say once more: I Was There.

Twenty or forty years on, it looks much the same and is much the same. Towns and villages have barely changed. Here and there a resort has been organized with new apartment houses and yacht marinas. The city of Caen, which was in the British sector of battle and badly damaged in the fighting, has been rebuilt around the

(Continues on page 61)

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hel !!!!

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GAPNEP '84
UNITED FEATURE SYNDICATE
... AND THEN IT JUMPED ON MY HAND AND I SAID... "GO 'WAY, COOKIE JAR... BAD, BAD COOKIE JAR"...
FRITZ
PAC COOKIES

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"Why, no, Jeremiah—I thought you *were bringing the whale oil."*

The Water Treatment

The drip, drip, drip is dreadful,
And so's electric shock,
While cops are most inventive
In places like Bangkok.
Though vampires love to do it
Without a dentifrice,
No torture beats elections
That last as long as this.

W. H. von Dreele

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ETHNIC STUDIES, CAMPUS GHETTOS

UNIVERSITIES make room, these days, for many more kinds of people than they did a generation ago: Catholics and Jews, blacks and women, Puerto Ricans and Chicanos, Asian Americans and American Indians, Poles and Italians—a long and varied list of groups whose backgrounds present to the study of the humanities in America a fresh and unprecedented experience of what it means to be human: religions not commonly studied before, literatures not ordinarily read, histories not regularly examined. In due course the women began demanding women's studies; the Jews, Jewish studies; the blacks, Afro-American studies. And the universities complied. But, like so much else, what has happened is an academic fraud. Let me explain.

Once universities had opened their doors to much larger and more diverse social and ethnic constituencies than they had ever known, the question confronted faculties and students alike: What do we do now? The answer that developed was that students would seek to study what was familiar in their own background. This was quite natural and just as students had always done. The old Americans had always known what was theirs—Classics, after all, was a gentleman's hobby, English literature belonged to the descendants of English immigrants, and American history was the history written by the old Americans' great-grandfathers. A certain snobbery, of course, protected these scheduled subjects; people absorbed the prejudice that, quite naturally and indisputably, these were things *any* educated person should know. Knowing these things, this list of selected books (the one hundred books for the one hundred families that count)—that knowledge defined education. Hence a core curriculum and general education seemed possible. No one needed to ask about the excluded hundreds of thousands of books, classic to the excluded groups, and the millions of excluded families, out of which students now came. Everybody knew what was what: what was of worth and represented taste, what shaped thoughts worth thinking, what defined values worth adopting. And, it should be added, people who knew these worthwhile things also could look forward to careers of worth and standing: in banks, law firms, corporate offices, hospitals, universities, and the other protected preserves of those who knew the scheduled subjects and came from the right castes.

Mr. Neusner is University Professor at Brown University.

The Imperial View

ALL THAT had to change, and it has changed. But no one has yet grappled with how to take hold of the change and make sense of it. For the change proved not entirely for the good. True, the old humanities may have insisted upon Classics and Biblical Hebrew, but not Italian and never modern Hebrew; American and British literature, but not Afro-American literature and not Polish or French-Canadian literature; American and Western European history, but not Latin American, Canadian, or Eastern European history, let alone Asia, let alone Africa, let alone Polynesia, which had no histories (an opinion I myself took for granted as a youth).

But the old humanities not only preserved privilege. They also defined a center, a sense of purpose. Their imperial view did encompass everybody. That is the main point. The old humanists indeed imagined that they had something to say to the whole of humanity and that what they had to say demanded a universal audience. They believed they could determine why one book mattered more than another, and why one philosophical tradition deserved close and careful scrutiny while another preserved mere gibberish. The power of the conventional and established humanities lay in the exercise of educated taste and reasoned judgment. The promise of the old humanities to impose order upon the chaos of information, to sort things out, and to select some few examples that truly changed persons and nurtured character and culture—that promise has never met competition from the motley crowd of new humanities now demanding entry to the campus, giving only politics as the reason.

What did the new humanities offer to justify their entry into the realm of the disciplined intellect? The mere presence of a new sort of human being, formerly excluded, hardly constituted a persuasive argument. After all, that new person, whether black, Catholic, woman, or Jew, could readily enter the classics of the established curriculum and adopt its values. Generations of "minorities" had done so. But what universally accessible human experience did the new constituencies bring to the campus, to measure up to the classics of human intellect that, all together, had constituted the old humanities? Where was the Jewish Aquinas or Plato, the black Shakespeare, the Catholic equivalent of the Reformation that everyone studies with such admiration? And when the new groups did point to their heritage of art, music, fiction, and poetry, few in the university establishment were prepared to take a look. It was simply assumed, on both sides, that blacks would study what blacks had done, Jews would study what Jews had done, women would study what women had done—but that everyone, anyhow, would still study the familiar philosophy, the Shakespeare, the Reformation that everyone had always studied, in the ways in which everyone had always studied them.

So was formed the benign consensus of the 1970s: insiders teaching private

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Gentlemen:

This isn't a letter to the editor, I just wanted to tell you that National Review has been a surprise to me. I got my first copy on a newsstand when I saw Solzhenitsyn's name on the cover. I was only vaguely aware of what National Review was because I read Bill Buckley but of course I knew Solzhenitsyn, and his speech in that issue [The Templeton Address, NR July 27 --Ed.] was great. Then I read your article on Walter Mondale and I thought that was pretty good too. Anyway I ended up reading the whole thing and subscribing. Now I wish I had known about it before because you really do have a different point of view from my usual stuff. I admit I don't agree with it all, but it is different and I like the funny items and appreciate the Buckley columns which I don't see very often anymore in the [Washington] Post (and when they do run them they look like they're only about half as long as yours anyway). Just thought I'd let you know that you're doing a good job, at least for a reader who spends most of his days glazed-eyed over government documents.

B. Tobin
Washington, D. C.

We'll admit we don't get many letters like the above—nor does our new friend put the case for NR exactly as we would ourselves—still, he makes a great point: NR is different, and it's well worth getting regularly. So if you don't yet have your own personal subscription, why not use the card facing this page now? It will bring you the next 15 valuable issues for just $14.95 (saving you a full $7.55 over the newsstand price). And now is the best time to have NR—with the '84 presidential battles already in full swing, you shouldn't miss a single installment of NR's unique reporting and inside information.

So fill out and mail the card facing this page right now (before you get distracted). You'll be glad you did—and so, of course, will we—many thanks!

P.S.: you can also use the card to send NR to somebody you know who should be reading it.

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things to insiders, and everyone learning public things as they had always been taught. Everyone for a time accepted the compromise. The newcomers felt quite at home, as well they should, having never left their ghettos. The established humanities retained their ultimate governance. Making room for newcomers, they found themselves essentially unchanged. The old privileges endured and did not even have to be shared. What emerged, then, through the 1970s, was curricular tokenism, a kind of intellectual affirmative action—mirrored by the organization of the university, in which there were the black women receptionists, the clever Jews in the research department, but the board of directors would come from the same stock that had supplied directors for generations past. Everyone would be contented.

Unhappily, the easy compromise of the 1970s has fallen apart. The new humanities cannot sustain themselves within its terms, and the established humanities are no longer able to explain themselves. The newcomers are proving inadequate to the labor, and the old-timers have fallen into bankruptcy. How so?

To Each His Own

The new humanities, in their dominant form, lay no important claim upon the university. They consist of Jews teaching Jewish things to Jews, and blacks to blacks, and women to women, as I said. But universities understand themselves as places where everybody speaks to everybody who is intellectually concerned. Scholars speak about truth and matters of scholarship and interpretation. None sustains private truth and speaks of inaccessible experience or demands assent to unreasoned interpretation. Accordingly, the distinction between insider and outsider, upon which the new humanities have built, finds no solid ground in the precincts of universities.

The new humanities, moreover, do not claim to have much to say to the community at large. So they offer no reasoned counter to the argument that some things do matter more than others: white things more than black, Aquinas more than Maimonides, the Old Testament as Protestants read it more than Scripture and tradition as Catholics know them or "the whole Torah of Moses, our rabbi," as Jews revere it. Once the new humanities conceded that theirs was an essentially private and particular heritage, to be promoted for parochial purposes (to give blacks self-confidence, to persuade Jews to remain Jewish), they also turned themselves into mere pressure groups on the campus, extensions of political forces deriving from outside the campus.

Reform and Renewal

What went wrong? The new humanities have not yet taken the measure of universities. Universities have not yet imparted their distinctive character to the new humanities. That is one fact, with two complementary effects. The new humanities have a future in universities only if they will join the sort of discourse that universities nurture. The university, for its part, must build its future upon the broadest social foundations and draw upon the deepest resources of human experience and culture. And that can happen only when the university demonstrates, as it has not yet done, the power of its program of inquiry to illuminate the analysis of human experience around the globe, to make interesting and public what is at present self-serving and private. So each side, the new as well as the old, the outsider as well as the one at home, bears part of the responsibility for the reform of the new humanities and the renaissance of the academic humanities as we now know them.

Since universities draw nurture from the societies that sponsor them and the politics that give effect to social policy, they will hardly benefit from reversion to the old world of institutionalized prejudice and cultural snobbery. American society will never tolerate the reintroduction of quotas to exclude Jews, let alone the implementation of the bigotry that blacks cannot learn and women should not. For their part, the new humanities fail the universities and the society that depends upon them if they continue the exclusionary theory of themselves. The task of the new humanities is to gain legitimate entry into the intellectual life of the universities. The task of the universities is to insist upon the same principles of reasoned discourse and public accounting for all propositions that always have framed scholarship and defined learning we deem worthwhile.

How shall we move to the next stage in the labor of bringing these new studies into the universities? Put otherwise, how can the universities gain the strength of the great creative forces of our day, represented as they are by new groups coming of age, new bodies of learning demanding analysis, new sorts of human experience requiring interpretation?

Let me frame the answer in terms of the curriculum. How shall we achieve the integration of the new humanities into the university's conception of its own work? To begin with, let me state my own philosophy: *I teach students.* By the way, what I teach to students is about Judaism—in that order. More generally, what we teach students, through any subject, is about thinking, about using their minds for specific tasks. The curriculum then consists of two components: first, the information we offer, which students learn, and, second, our example of how we compose that information into intelligible propositions and arguments about possibilities, which students may choose to imitate and improve. Whether we teach undergraduates or graduate students, the issue is the same. Students should be concerned with modes of analysis and means of interpretation, through which they learn the particulars of information. When we impart information without articulating how we have formulated matters and worked them out in one way rather than in some other way, we do only part of our work—the part, alas, most rapidly forgotten or rendered obsolete. In the phrasing of my confrere William Scott Green, of the University of Rochester, "Teaching means to teach students how to do something, how to know something, how to understand something."

By this criterion, one subject serves as well as any other, the history of the Jews as much as the history of the ancient Romans or the medieval French or the modern Americans, the literature of the American blacks as much as the literature of the English, the religious world of Islam as much as that of Christianity, the Roman Catholic experience of Christianity as much as the Protestant, the woman's view of things as much as the man's. For whatever we teach stands or falls by the same criterion: Does the subject at hand present the possibility of analyz-

(Continues on page 61)

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SCARGILL'S GREAT GAMBLE

DAY AFTER DAY, week after week, massed pickets and massed police have faced each other and tried to outmaneuver each other: and miners have fought miners, strikers against non-strikers, fists, bricks, bottles, and insults flying. The siege of the Libyan "People's Bureau" was more dramatic, Mrs. Thatcher's constant wrangling with the Common Market more portentous, but they seemed mere distractions from this conflict, which may indeed prove more significant for Britain's future. Arthur Scargill, the president of the National Union of Mineworkers, bellowing through a loudhailer at fanatical crowds of his militant supporters —his "red guards"—hopes to turn a dispute over pay and pit closures into something like a general strike, which, he dreams, could bring the government down: and Mrs. Thatcher, while keeping her government ostentatiously aloof from the industrial argument, is determined that violent picketing should not prevail. Her supporters hope that Mr. Scargill may be the General Galtieri of the second Thatcher administration.

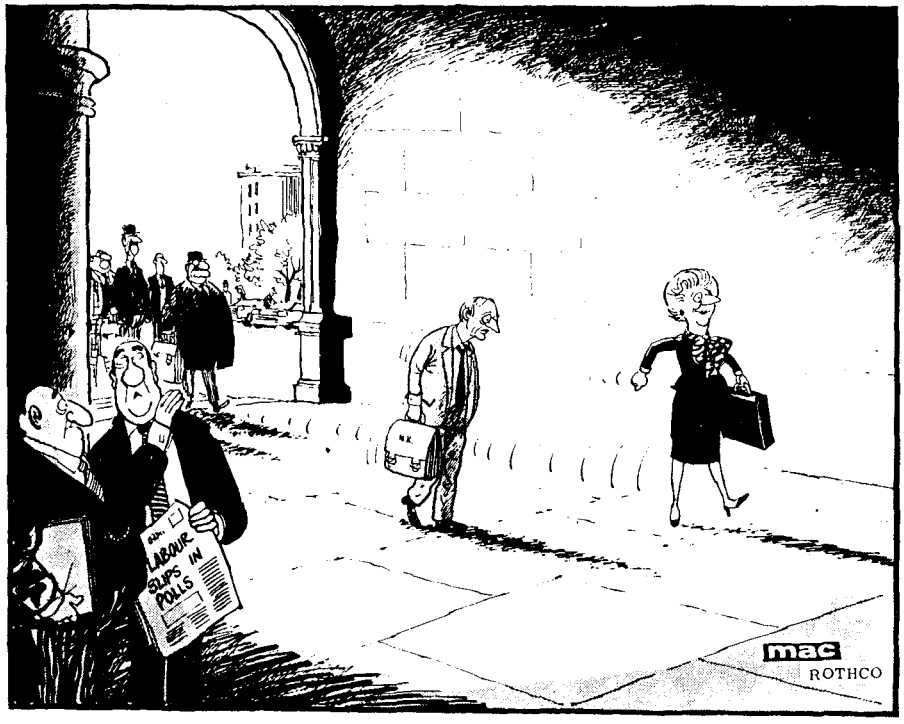
The economic issue that sparked the dispute goes to the heart of the efforts this government has made, not unsuccessfully, to drag Britain out of the slough where she had been stuck for decades, largely as a result of socialist policies (pursued by Conservative no less than Labour governments) and the over-indulged intransigence of the unions.

The coal mines were nationalized by the postwar Labour government, and, since then, like other decaying publicly owned industries, have constituted a steadily increasing burden on the taxpayer. Controversially, and for a very high price, Mrs. Thatcher brought in Ian MacGregor, an elderly Scotsman whose career has been spent mostly in America, to sort out first the nationalized steel industry and then the mines. Mr. Scargill, of course, vilifies him as a ruthless American hired to "butcher" British industries.

The reality is that something had to be done. Coal was being mined at an average pithead cost of £44 ($62) a ton, whereas American, Australian, and South African coal is being delivered to Western Europe at just over £32 ($45) a ton. British coal was piling up, unsold and unsalable, even though the Electricity Generating Board (another nationalized industry) has been forced by successive governments to fuel its power stations from this coal mountain instead of using imported coal or oil. The uneconomic average cost and consequent huge losses, currently more than £1 billion ($1.4 billion) a year, are caused mainly by a small number of old pits. Coal from some of them costs four times more to produce than it would fetch—if there were a buyer.

The only rational policy is to close these worked-out mines and concentrate investment on newer pits, which have a future. This is what the Coal Board, under Mr. MacGregor, is trying to do and Mr. Scargill is trying to prevent. To date, not a single miner has been made compulsorily redundant. Whenever a pit has been closed, all the miners were offered new jobs, usually in the same area, or early retirement with a pension, or, if they chose, redundancy payments of up to £36,000 ($50,000) a man. What loss-making private industry could afford such terms?

There is, admittedly, a genuine social problem. When a pit closes, a whole way of life goes with it. One miner said, passionately, that his grandfather had died of silicosis and his father had been killed in a pit disaster, but that neither of them "would have dreamed of selling out the jobs of the next



Mac, London *Daily Mail* / Rothco

"Remind me again—which of those is Scargill trying to bring down?"

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s London correspondent.*

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generation." It might, surely, have been better if they had. But Mr. Scargill, exploiting these atavistic loyalties and the fear of unemployment, has declared that the union will accept no pit closures at all on economic grounds. Profitable pits should subsidize unprofitable ones, and the government should subsidize the industry in general to make British coal marketable.

Arthur Scargill's motivation, indeed his whole cast of mind, is political. He is a Marxist, a class warrior thirsting for battle. His finest hour came during the coal strike of 1974, which led to the downfall of Ted Heath's Conservative government. Saltley, near Birmingham, held the last major stockpile of coking coal for the power stations. Mr. Scargill, then merely the chairman of an area strike committee, introduced the concept of "flying pickets." He concentrated 15,000 of these mobile shock troops on Saltley, which was defended by eight hundred policemen.

The Chief Constable told the Home Secretary that the pickets would close the coal depot over his dead body. Next morning the Home Secretary telephoned him to enquire after his health. The Saltley coal depot had been closed. There were nationwide power cuts: industry was put on a three-day week. A general election followed, which Labour won.

Mr. Scargill and his principal colleague, Mick McGahey, the Communist leader of the Scottish miners, believe they can repeat that triumph, even if not so quickly. On two previous occasions since Mrs. Thatcher became prime minister, they tried to call a strike but were frustrated by a union rule requiring a national ballot and a 55 per cent majority in favor before the whole union could be called out. So Mr. Scargill and Mr. McGahey devised a new scheme. The most militant areas, where their own influence was strongest, notably Yorkshire and Scotland, would launch local strikes, which could then be spread, domino-style, across the country with the aid of flying pickets.

The strikes began on March 12. Three-quarters of Britain's pits were halted almost immediately: but the miners in the Midland area, around Nottingham, refused to come out. Their pits are profitable. Why should they sacrifice themselves for Mr. Scargill's political ambitions? Their own union officials urged them to strike, but they still refused. They demanded a national ballot—in vain. Instead a special delegate conference was held, attended mainly by union activists, at which Mr. Scargill, as a precaution, contrived to get the rule changed so that in future a bare 51 per cent majority will be enough to authorize a strike. Ian MacGregor commented acidly that this was like moving the goal posts after the game had begun.

THE GAME itself, meanwhile, had become rough. Pickets, often several thousand strong, sought to intimidate the Nottingham miners. Fights and scuffles broke out; cars were overturned and the families of nonstrikers threatened. But Mr. Scargill was not alone in remembering Saltley. The police, having been humiliated then, meant to make sure it didn't happen again. A coordinating center was established at Scotland Yard. More than eight thousand policemen, from 38 different forces, were deployed, some at the coal fields, others forming roadblocks to prevent busloads, truckloads, and carloads of miners from ever getting near.

Mr. Scargill raged that such tactics, obstructing free movement on the roads of Britain, were an act of paramilitary dictatorship. The police replied that they were simply fulfilling their duty to prevent a reasonably apprehended breach of the peace.

Some pickets then copied the recent behavior of protesting French truck drivers. They drove their cars in convoy, three or four abreast, very slowly along major highways, causing the traffic to pile up for miles behind them. Sometimes, when the jam was complete, brawls ensued and there were people running all over the road. The police warned that someone would inevitably be killed, and they made a number of arrests. These scenes of strife have been reported nightly on television: but Mr. Scargill, when questioned, blames the capitalist media for exaggerating them and Mrs. Thatcher and Mr. MacGregor for provoking them.

The cutting edge of a coal strike lies in the power stations. They started, this time, with a great deal of coking coal in hand, which some stations can eke out further by switching to oil. But the stockpiles are not all in the right place, and coal from the Nottingham pits has to be transported. Mr. Scargill has therefore called on the rail and road haulage unions not to move any coal, and on the seamen and dockers to prevent coal imports. The union leaders have agreed, but some of the rank-and-file have shown themselves less enthusiastic. They have their own jobs to think about, just as the steel men are worried that, if uneconomic steel mills close down for lack of coal to keep the furnaces alight, they may never reopen.

Mr. MacGregor says that the Coal Board can sit the strike out indefinitely, and that the only result in the end will be more closed pits and more lost jobs. The Electricity Generating Board says there will be no danger to power supplies at least until September. The consensus in press comment is that Mr. Scargill has led his men into an unwinnable fight, at the wrong time of year, on the wrong issue, with a divided union and without public support. There has been anguish among moderate trade unionists at Mr. Scargill's political ranting, at his refusal of a ballot, and at the sight of workers fighting workers.

The leaders of the Labour Party, although they tried at first to avoid committing themselves, have been pushed by their own militants into coming out more and more openly on the miners' side. Rather than debating the issues of the strike, they have concentrated on attacking the police.

The strategy of Mrs. Thatcher's government, when dealing with the unions, has always been to stand back. Strikes would not be settled, as they were un-

(Continues on page 60)

In Memoriam

ANSEL ADAMS
Noble
photo-poet,
his portraits all akin
to westering and wilderness
within.

COUNT BASIE
His band
was life itself—
a life no other has—
whose pulsating red jugular
was jazz.

—GLORIA A. MAXSON

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ABROAD

MOSCOW *Economic Bloc*

Once again, there is talk of a summit meeting of Comecon, the economic organism that is supposed to coordinate the policies of the Soviet Union and its satellites with respect to trade and production. There has not been such a session for 13 years, partly because the inevitable admissions of weakness could not be glossed over, but also because the Eastern European countries worry that Moscow is bound to make further demands upon them. It has long been acknowledged that inter-bloc trade is sluggish and uneven. The satellites are officially bound together by something called the transferable ruble, an ephemeral exchange medium that is not so much a currency as a series of trading accounts. If one country has a deficit of transferable rubles with another, it may be settled with unwanted surpluses, such as ill-made clothing, or out-of-date automotive parts, or whatever the creditor country can be persuaded to accept. Behind this system lies the reality of hard currency, which each of the Comecon members tries naturally to collect and hoard. Hungary, for example, has developed such a strong economy that it is able to demand from other Comecon members payment in dollars for its grain. The Soviet Union is embarrassed because Comecon was supposed to be the Communist answer to the vastly more powerful economic communities of the West, especially the Common Market. Instead, it is no more than a ramshackle and stagnant structure whose very existence has become an obstacle to rational dealing. The more developed satellites, such as Hungary and East Germany, are not interested in a summit, whereas the poorer ones, like Rumania and Bulgaria, believe they stand to benefit. The Soviet Union itself would like to end some of the cumbersome and profitless arrangements that persist within the Comecon framework, and it would also like to be paid a greater percentage of hard currency for its oil, its major export westward. But the major problem facing any such summit would be the necessity to take account of the phenomena that have changed the economic face of the world in the time elapsed since the last summit, notably the information and communication revolutions—a clear temptation to postpone it indefinitely.

HONG KONG *He Remains an Englishman*

A group of prominent citizens has left Hong Kong for London to lobby for British domicile for those in the Crown Colony who do not want to stay on after the Communist Chinese government takes over in 1997. As of now, only two thousand Hong Kong residents have British passports. This leaves in doubt the status of some two million who are merely citizens of "a British dependent territory," presumably without a legal claim to reside permanently in the United Kingdom.

MALTA *A Different Siege*

The island of Malta has been an outpost and bastion of Western civilization in the Mediterranean for four centuries. But vocations change, and now, as an independent country with a socialist government, its closest economic partner is Colonel Qaddafi's Libya; it has signed an arms agreement with North Korea that includes the provision of "anti-riot" specialists; it has declared war on the Church; and it has made Soviet shipping welcome in what was once a major NATO naval base. Despite occasional demonstrations by the opposition Nationalist Party, Prime Minister Dom Mintoff has ruled autocratically for 12 years, and his lieutenants are talking of changing Malta into a one-party state. Mintoff has also quarreled openly with the French and Italian governments—he recently declared an embargo on all French imports. What this means in terms of Western strategic preoccupations in southern Europe has not yet been defined. But Malta's shipyards will henceforward be at the disposal of the Soviet Union and its satellites, and the Libyan government has just invested $141 million in the island's economy.

PARIS *Classic Job-Hunt*

Good jobs are hard to get everywhere, especially slots high on the executive ladder, and so it pays to draw attention to yourself. This at least was the reasoning of one Frenchman who, in his job-hunting, had been unable so far to catch the eye of the right employer. So he decided to take out some expensive space in the help-wanted pages of the Paris daily *Le Monde* to advertise himself. But to make sure someone read it, he cast his appeal, which included his curriculum vitae, in Alexandrine verse, the chosen meter of such classical French writers as Racine and Corneille of the seventeenth century. After listing his qualifications, which included twenty years of business experience, a knowledge of computer techniques, fluency in English, and a highly developed public-relations sense, the anonymous job-seeker concluded:

But some will say, "He is an idiot, a clown, or worse,
Ridiculous as well, a type out of his mind!
To write his résumé in Alexandrine verse—
He famously deserves a kick in the behind!"
Quite so, but just the same I want you to know, all
(Although my modesty, to say the least, is bruised),
That I have brains and drive, am tough and on the ball—
And that this is an offer that should not be refused.

YAMAHA KLM MITSUBISHI FIAT CITIZEN CITROEN MARLBORO
ROLEX ORIENT SUZUKI PHILIPS CBS NIKE
PUMA ADIDAS ASICS TIGER AUDI DINERS BENETTON SEIKO ATARI OPEL
LONGINES IBM

Mitra, *Ta Nea*/Rothco

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POLITICS AS PASSION

William F. Rickenbacker

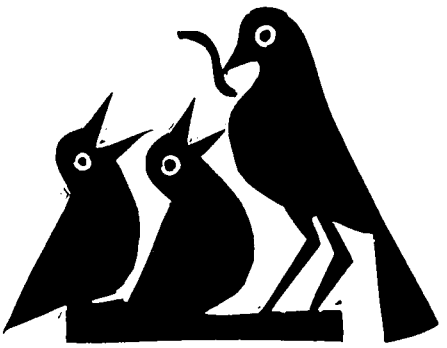
The Rise of the Right, by William A. Rusher (Morrow, 328 pp., $15.95)

BILL RUSHER's mother and the great Alf Landon came from the same home town, Independence, Kansas, and the two families were on speaking terms. Alf Landon's humiliating defeat by FDR in 1936 stung the 13-year-old Bill Rusher, who, looking back now, writes, "It is at least conceivable . . . that an unconscious determination to avenge Landon's trouncing provided a good share of the psychic energy that has fueled the rest of my life." It is indeed conceivable. I remember 1936, too. My dad gave me a Landon button to wear to school. I was eight years old. All the kids hooted at me. I took the button off in shame and humiliation. Fifty years later my breath comes in hot gasps as I think about that day.

Rusher embroiled himself in Republican politics while in college and has a network of cronies wide enough and deep enough to set up several Godfathers in business. He has been with NATIONAL REVIEW almost from the beginning. He originated the movement that led to the presidential nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964. He has been a principal functionary, or at least a front-row observer, of almost every manifestation of the birth and growth of the conservative movement. In this book he tells that story, and not incidentally recounts his own development from a callow youth who possessed no religious belief and whose "principles" were adequately serviced by routine Republicanism into a grateful and fulfilled Christian and a political philosopher who has grounded his system on the spiritual dimension of human life. I found the story thrilling.

After all, the conservative movement started from just about scratch. Rusher paints a dark picture of our politics in the 1950s. There was no conservative movement. There were no conservative political journals. Academe, the pulpit, radio, television, newspapers—all nonconservative if not outright socialist, or worse. College lecture series, broadcast talk shows, book-publishing houses, the major tax-exempt foundations, book-review services, newspaper syndication outfits—almost a total wasteland from the conservative viewpoint. And in 25 short years it has all happened. Rusher has savored a passionate revenge.

I do wonder at times if things were really as bleak as Rusher says they were back in the Fifties. Richard Weaver and F. A. Hayek had published their popular blockbusters. Russell Kirk had rocked the world with *The Conservative Mind* (1953). Henry Regnery had founded a publishing house. Radio brought us Lowell Thomas, Paul Harvey, Ray Henle's *Three-Star Extra*, Fulton Lewis Jr., Arthur Godfrey (who championed Curtis LeMay and the Strategic Air Command, remember), H. V. Kaltenborn. Newspapers brought us George Sokolsky, Westbrook Pegler, Henry Hazlitt. Not exactly political, but certainly sustaining the spirit, were *Reader's Digest*, the *Wall Street Journal*, and on and on. And few remember the frankly conservative thrust of many of the great cartoon strips: "Little Orphan Annie" is the most notable. Don't snicker. A mayor of New York City was not above reading the funnies over the radio, every Sunday, "to the kiddies." Norman Vincent Peale had founded *Guideposts*. The country was chock full of conservatism, but perhaps Rusher's point is that we weren't in touch with one another in any organized way.



In his thorough discussion of the "new majority" (of economic and social conservatives, bypassing the dinosaur East Coast elites) Rusher omits perhaps the most startling manifestation of spontaneous "new majority" action at the grassroots: the "tax rebellion." Governor Ronald Reagan actually started this movement by calling for a study group in 1971, whose work led to the trailblazing tax-limitation petition of 1972. The National Tax-Limitation Committee was founded in 1975; a dozen states have passed tax-limitation amendments to their constitutions; 32 states have called for a constitutional convention to propose a similar amendment to the United States Constitution; the National Tax-Limitation Committee now has more than half a million members and is gaining new ones at a rate of ten thousand per week. In assessments of the strength and direction of the new politics, surely this greatest political committee in existence, and the movement it represents, should be given some emphasis.

Rusher sees "the academy" as the last and greatest field to be won by the conservative forces. True. It would have been fun, though, to discuss the first stages of the battle now joined: Hillsdale and Grove City's struggles to escape federal intervention; and the

Jeffrey Meyers has written about Conrad in Fiction and the Colonial Experience, Married to Genius, *and* Homosexuality and Literature.

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York, and a member of the editorial board of the Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

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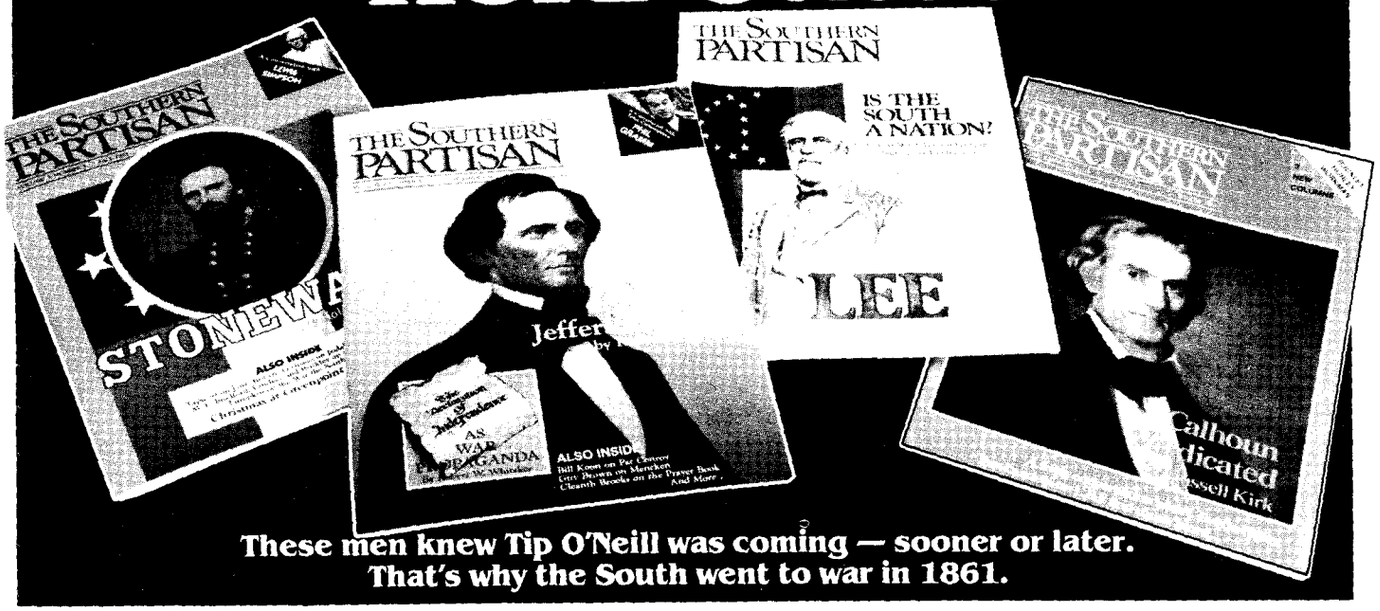
Are You One Of The Hold-Outs?



These men knew Tip O'Neill was coming — sooner or later.
That's why the South went to war in 1861.

We lost. But that doesn't mean we've given up.

The slender thread that connects the Founding Fathers to the present moment runs South, through the Confederate tradition. After all it was Randolph, Calhoun and Jefferson Davis who insisted that the government in Washington leave the states alone.

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fast-growing number of fine conservative campus publications.

But these are smallish points. The book is eyewitness history at its very best, written by an attorney trained to see both sides of an issue and utter a balanced opinion, and infused at every turn with the zest and gusto and passion that may have been kicked up first in 1936. And so he ends with wondrous hope:

> In our day it has been the task of conservatives to proclaim the imperative of human freedom, to nurture the traditional values of our civilization, and to summon the West to the defense of both that freedom and those values against the formidable challenge of Communism. Those tasks are by no means completed, but it is now at least possible to feel that they are in the hands of a movement capable of completing them. □

ACADEMIC CAMOUFLAGE

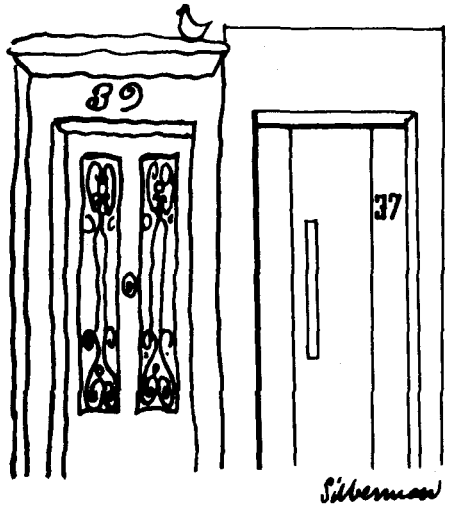
Joseph Sobran

The Many Faces of Socialism, by Paul Hollander (Transaction, 362 pp., $29.95)

MARXISM, as Kenneth Minogue argued shrewdly a couple of years ago, is best understood simply as a rationale for the claim to unlimited power. It is not a science but a rhetorical strategy. Whether it takes the form of words or of weapons, Marxism is mischief.

Paul Hollander, a Hungarian refugee, understands this well enough. At least I assume so, having read two of his books. The first, *Political Pilgrims*, was a rich survey of all those Western Communists, fellow-travelers, and eager dupes who have been over into the Future and returned to tell us how well it works. *The Many Faces of Socialism* is a less satisfying collection of Hollander's writings on different aspects of Communist regimes.

Most of these essays appeared in academic journals, and they are written in a style for which "academic" is a kind word: abstract, clumsy, and maddeningly tentative. Some of this isn't Hollander's fault. Academic convention requires the writer to write impersonally, in what John Henry Newman calls the "conditional" mode, even if he is writing about his own mother. How to



translate the bitter human experience of life under Communism into such a dialect? How to make passionate memory speak in the accents of social science?

Hollander also wants to be fair, and he succeeds almost to a fault. There is nothing wrong with dispassionate analysis, or with setting aside moral judgment for the purpose of empirical understanding. But there is something that rings false in the attempt to treat an evident fraud as a serious idea. In fact, analysis is impeded by the reluctance to call the fraud a fraud. There are times when the scientist can't do his job properly without making a firm judgment about reality. How could there be a science of psychiatry unless the scientist was willing to call some views of reality delusions? Hollander at times seems to be in the position of a psychiatrist whose native gallantry forbids him to insist that his patient is not really Napoleon I.

I have to mention this because this book is nearly unreadable. But the reader who makes the effort will not be wholly unrewarded. Hollander takes up a number of subjects that are seldom discussed in the West, and he gives valuable glimpses of life under "socialism." One essay is a brief survey of Chinese Communist propaganda about "the love problem": For the Communist elite, ordinary love between men and women threatens the undivided loyalty due to the regime itself. Another essay takes an unusual look at one of Communism's distinctive features, the border patrol, which exists simply to prevent masses of people from fleeing at the first opportunity. Not even Hitler required such an institution.

Two of these essays are not subject to the charge of pedantry. One is a memoir of Hollander's visit to the Hungary he had fled in 1956. He finds that the mass of Hungarian people have come to terms with tyranny, since they enjoy a certain prosperity with a limited free market, Marxism serving more to legitimate the Party's monopoly on power than to interfere with economic transactions. One would like to know more, though, about the persecution of religion—a subject Hollander generally neglects.

Another especially gripping essay concerns the "political pilgrims" Hollander studied at greater length in his last book. It is impossible to exaggerate their fatuity. Daniel Berrigan in Hanoi found the face of Ho Chi Minh reminiscent of Jesus. Bernard Shaw, on a Potemkin tour of Russia, was introduced to a pair of "waitresses" who happened to be intimately familiar with his plays—leading him to observe that "waitresses in England were not so well read as their Soviet sisters." Billy Graham was especially taken with the Soviet cuisine: "The meals I had are among the best I have ever eaten." (He added: "In the United States you have to be a millionaire to have caviar, but I had caviar with almost every meal.") Less pungent but equally loopy are the pronouncements of the Venceremos Brigade, who found Cuba sheer ecstasy compared to life in these United States. Hollander remarks mildly on the way alienated Western intellectuals satisfy their thirst for "wholeness" by visiting socialist societies.

The word, as Shakespeare says, is "mildly." As a Jew who was nearly killed by the Nazis, Hollander can take for granted that even an academic audience will assume the evil of anti-Semitism. But as a man who has also suffered under Communist tyranny, he can't take for granted that American academicians will either assume the evil of Communism or even put up with a reasoned imputation of evil to the Communist system. He carefully points up discrepancies like this, but you have to read hard, so to speak, to get his point. That is the main reason why his prose is so strained. His academic camouflage now and then makes him sound almost as absurd as the people he is subtly criticizing, as when he mentions "the limited commitment of Marxist societies to civil liberties."

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At such moments I feel pity for the author, of a kind I often feel for refugees in America. Having been victimized by Communists themselves, they are constrained, in the Land of the Free, to apologize for trying to alert Americans. A refugee from South Africa can count on celebrity here; he will be rewarded for "speaking out" against apartheid. But doing as much for Communism isn't called "speaking out"; it is called "stridency" and "obsession." Suffering at the hands of a right-wing regime gives you moral credentials; suffering at the hands of Communism actually disqualifies you from speaking, as it is cited by liberals to prove your experience has left you "unbalanced." So Hollander in turn has to make every sentence carefully "balanced."

Nevertheless, he is a valuable witness. The faults of *The Many Faces of Socialism* testify to the tyranny of what might be called para-Marxist opinion in the American academy. But faults they are, and I would direct the curious reader back to Hollander's *Political Pilgrims*, which is now available in paperback. □

RANDOM NOTES

□ More June Titles: *An Uncommon Man: The Triumph of Herbert Hoover* (Simon & Schuster, $22.95), by Richard Norton Smith, is a welcome addition to the growing revisionist literature seeking to rescue a "flawed giant" from historical oblivion.

Alexander Fodor's *Tolstoy and the Russians* (Ardis, $22.50) examines the fortunes of Tolstoy's reputation among his fellow countrymen, from the disdain with which the landholding class viewed his liberation of his serfs, through the Communist Party's dismissal of him as a reactionary following the Bolshevik Revolution, to the (partial) restoration of his name and writings today, with many of his works continuing to be circulated through *samizdat*.

I Stand Corrected: More on Language (Times, $19.95), by William Safire, contains further strictures on language by the *New York Times* columnist as well as exceptions taken to earlier ones by a wide variety of correspondents.

The title of Jonathan Schell's *The Abolition* (Knopf, $11.95) refers to the author's wholly implausible plan for banning nuclear weapons. . . . *Hubert Humphrey: A Political Biography* (Norton, $17.95), by Carl Solberg, draws upon the late senator's private papers to portray a man of generosity and integrity who nevertheless saw his ambitions frustrated by political chance as well as by his willingness to accept Lyndon Johnson as an authoritarian father-figure whose opinions and actions were above challenge.

David Littlejohn's *Architect: The Life and Work of Charles W. Moore* (Holt, Rinehart, $22.95) examines the art of the Los Angeles architect, of whom the author says that he was "squarely in the tradition of eclectic freaks." . . . *Encounters with Verdi* (Cornell, $25)—edited by Marcello Conati, translated by Richard Stokes, and with a preface by Julian Budden—consists of fifty sketches written between 1845 and 1900 by American, French, German, English, and Italian journalists and critics of the fiery, stubborn, often enigmatic composer. —CW

CONNOISSEUR OF LONELINESS

Jeffrey Meyers

Conrad under Familial Eyes, edited by Zdzislaw Najder, translated by Halina Carroll-Najder (Cambridge, 340 pp., $37.50)

The Collected Letters of Joseph Conrad, Vol. I, 1861-1897, edited by Frederick Karl and Laurence Davies (Cambridge, 511 pp., $39.50)

Joseph Conrad: A Chronicle, by Zdzislaw Najder, translated by Halina Carroll-Najder (Rutgers, 671 pp., $30)

Conrad had perhaps the most amazing and paradoxical career in English literature. He was born near Kiev, in what was then part of Russian Poland; spent his childhood exiled with his parents in northern Russia; was orphaned at the age of 11; went to France to become a sailor; tried to kill himself after gambling away all his borrowed money; became a Master in the British merchant marine; made a disastrous trip to the Congo; turned to writing after twenty years at sea; wrote in a language he had first learned as an adult; and contracted a bizarre marriage to an unattractive and unintelligent typist who served as a reposeful mattress and soothed his raw nerves. During his honeymoon he wrote "The Idiots," a story about a woman who kills her husband with scissors while repelling his sexual advances.

Conrad suffered from agonies of composition, lack of recognition, poor sales, huge debts, an invalid wife, constant illness, prolonged depression, and a complete nervous breakdown after finishing *Under Western Eyes* in 1910. He was the much-admired friend of John Galsworthy, Edward Garnett, Stephen Crane, Ford Madox Ford, André Gide, Henry James, and Bertrand Russell. He had a lifelong love-hate relationship with his native Poland. He loathed Russians, who had become extremely fashionable in England, and told Garnett: "You are so Russianized, my dear, that you don't know the truth when you see it—unless it smells of cabbage soup." But he admired the Francophile Turgenev as much as he despised the Slavophile Dostoyevsky, and named his first son Borys. He chose to revisit his homeland, after an absence of 21 years, in the summer of 1914 and was trapped behind enemy lines when the war broke out.

As the raw material for a biography, the family memoirs and letters and the Polish recollections and interviews collected in *Conrad under Familial Eyes* are disappointing, for the countrymen who sought him out failed to penetrate his iron reserve and wrote superficial accounts of the man and his work. Zdzislaw Najder's introduction is perceptive, but his index is useless and his footnotes fail to illuminate the Polish cast of characters.

And it is quite a cast. Conrad's grandfather had his estate confiscated by the Russians for his role in the 1830 rebellion. Conrad's father, Apollo Korzeniowski, who had the reputation of being ugly and sarcastic, was a mediocre poet and translator, a hopeless idealist, and a failed revolutionary. He was suspected of plotting a national revolt against the Russians in 1861 (two years before the Polish insurrection was brutally suppressed), was imprisoned in the Warsaw citadel and then sent into exile with his wife and four-year-old son to Vologda, north of Moscow, "a huge quagmire stretching over three versts, cut up with wooden footbridges, all rotten and shaky."

Conrad's legacy from his father was a volatile temperament, an anguished patriotism, the bitterness of shattered hopes, and the trauma of defeat. His mother, who supported her husband instead of trying to restrain him, died in exile in 1865, leaving Apollo broken by hardship and despair and locked

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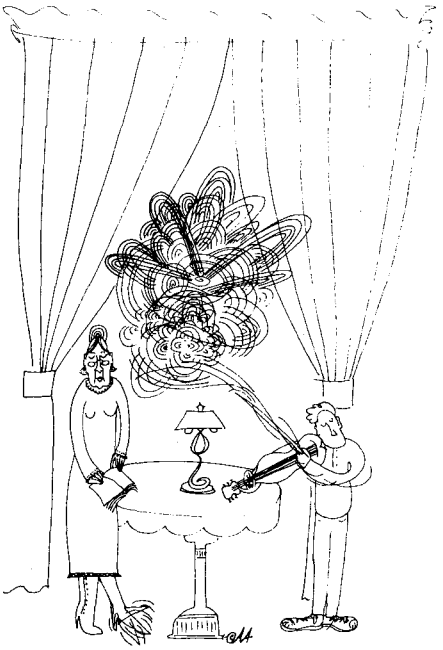
into terrible solitude with his son: "I am his miserable protector, he is the only strength that keeps me on this earth." (Conrad later described their relations in *Victory*.) As a boy Conrad was pale, delicate, unstable, and epileptic; as an adult he was hypersensitive, intensely nervous, and frequently ill.

Apollo hoped to bring up his son as a Catholic, nobleman, and Pole. But in Poland Conrad was known as the crazy boy who read Captain Marryat and Fenimore Cooper, sailed away in a foreign service, and spontaneously converted himself into an Englishman. (He called himself "homo duplex.") Many Poles felt he had deserted his country, abandoned his language, and betrayed his patriotic duties for material gain. The nationalists wished to reclaim him for their literature. But Conrad felt his family had suffered sufficiently; he wanted only to escape from what he rightly considered a disastrous political situation. He loved Poland as a memory of the past, but her present frightened him and her future looked like a black abyss. "I can't think of Poland often," he said. "It feels bad, bitter, painful. It would make life unbearable."

Though Conrad could not write about Poland and did not want to be known as a Polish writer, he could not break his country's hold on him. He apologized to friends for not teaching his son Polish; and Borys, the proud owner of a deluxe English edition of his father's works, never read a single one of them. Conrad's pronounced Polish accent became stronger as he grew older—he habitually said *v* for *w*—and he always ranted in Polish when delirious during illness.

In 1935 Witold Gombrowicz wisely said that Conrad's work had always seemed alien to Poles and that "Conrad and his native land should not be dragged by the hair toward one another." But during the resistance to the Nazi occupation, the memory of Conrad's isolation and loneliness, his ironic skepticism, his code of moral behavior, his commitment to fidelity, his sense of personal responsibility took on a profound and inspiring meaning.

As the son of political exiles, Conrad was subject to twenty years' conscription in the Czarist army. This threat, combined with a longing for the romantic and the exotic, inspired the seafaring career that took him to



India, Malaya, Thailand, Java, Borneo, Australia, Mauritius, and Cape Colony during the period of transition from sail to steam. But he did not consider his career at sea to be permanent, he always felt lonely and alienated among the rough, uneducated men, he gave up sailing when he failed to find a suitable berth, and he later idealized ships and seamen in works like *Typhoon* and *The Nigger of "The Narcissus."* Henry James called the latter "the very finest and strongest picture of the sea and sea life that our language possesses."

Conrad's career as a writer was even more extraordinary than his years at sea. He was quickly tagged with the label of sea-writer and, despite the range of his subject matter, found he couldn't shed it. He felt the critics wished to banish him to the middle of the ocean. But his true subjects, Najder writes, were "the tragedy of existence, the weakness of human nature, political violence, fidelity to lost causes, human dignity, the weight of moral responsibility, and the rigid demands of Art."

Conrad's pronouncements on art are the most interesting aspects of his letters. He admired the technical skill of Flaubert and Maupassant; felt all his work was produced unconsciously; tried to squeeze every sensation, thought, and image out of himself. He said that during the imaginative transformation of reality, "my mind goes wandering through great spaces filled with vague forms. Everything is still chaos, but, slowly, ghosts are transformed into living flesh, floating vapors turn solid, and something is born from the collision of indistinct ideas." His literary life was founded on the premise that feelings change and people die but man's work remains to the last: "In art alone there is a meaning in endeavor as apart from success."

The great irony of Conrad's artistic career was that he had poor sales for his greatest books and popular acclaim for his late, inferior work, which he himself called "secondhand Conradese." Always irresponsible with money, he was supported by his uncle, his friends, and his agent until the end of his life. His royalties in 1908—just after *Nostromo* and *The Secret Agent*—were £5! He achieved his first commercial success (partly owing to a sexy dust-jacket) with *Chance* in 1913, and was earning more than £4,000 a year by the 1920s, when he could afford to take a nurse, car, and chauffeur on a holiday to Corsica. He declined a knighthood and several honorary degrees, and died of a heart attack near Canterbury in August 1924.

Conrad has been well served by the scholarship in these handsomely produced books. The editing, annotation, translation, and introduction of this comprehensive edition of his letters—in English, French, and Polish—is excellent. Najder's biography—despite its awkward style and dogmatic tone—is the best available on Conrad. His Polish perspective, especially strong on the cultural background and the theme of exile, provides a valuable balance to the Anglo-American interpretations. He shows that Conrad's reminiscences are consistently unreliable and, through rigorous research and scrupulous examination of evidence, replaces the carefully constructed legends with the facts.

Conrad's background and tragic experience led him to introduce a European viewpoint into English literature. He questioned the very foundations of civilization in *Heart of Darkness* and, with considerable skepticism, defined existence as "a little illusion, many dreams, a rare flash of happiness followed by disillusionment, a little anger and much suffering, and then the end." He was a lonely exile, an orphan, an alien on ships, a stranger in France and England. Cut off from his language, family, and country, his personal condition matched—as his work reflected—the isolated mood of modern man. □

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STRADIVARIOUS

J. O. Tate

Great Masters of the Violin: From Corelli and Vivaldi to Stern, Zukerman, and Perlman, by Boris Schwarz (Simon & Schuster, 671 pp., $24.95)

YEHUDI MENUHIN himself has declared of Boris Schwarz: "There can be no more qualified commentator on the violinist, his soul, his character, his interpretation, and his lifestyle." What is the nature of the authority imputed to Mr. Schwarz by so eminent a musician, as it manifests itself in this book?

We do not enter the twentieth century, in this history of the violinist's art, until page 279. Until that point, the voice is that of a scholar. Boris Schwarz was a professor of music at Queens College of the City University of New York for 35 years, and the author of *Music and Musical Life in Soviet Russia, 1917-1970*, and *French Instrumental Music between the Revolutions, 1789-1830*. Furthermore, anyone wishing to compare his judgments with those in *The New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* will find in those volumes some sixty articles on violinists by Boris Schwarz. So it is Schwarz the musicologist who instructs us about the establishment of national schools and styles, and about the careers of such composer/performers as the Italian masters and, in the nineteenth century, such Romantic virtuosi as Paganini, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski.

But as we pass the turn of the century and survey a veritable golden age of the violin, and as the subject turns to violinists who have left recordings and whose performances still live in memory, we hear another voice from Boris Schwarz—not, to be sure, in any way an unprofessional one, but there is a modulation in tone from scholar to witness. Mr. Schwarz becomes the man who was there. He was, after all, a respected violinist himself—he played first violin in the NBC Symphony Orchestra under the fiercely exigent Arturo Toscanini. Before that, as a young man in Europe, he was often in the right place at the right time, as perhaps no other violinist was.

Again and again, he is able to cite a personal encounter, a memory of a recital of more than fifty years ago, a quotation from the jockey's mouth. Schwarz's colorful representation of Eugène Ysaÿe has a personal stamp:

> In the summer of 1926, Ysaÿe announced a master course for violin in Paris, at the Ecole Normale, and again I was there, drinking in his every word. It seemed that all of Paris was present—every violinist, every musician of note sat at Ysaÿe's feet. Thibaud, Enesco, the young Milstein—a galaxy of great names, all crowded into the smallish auditorium.

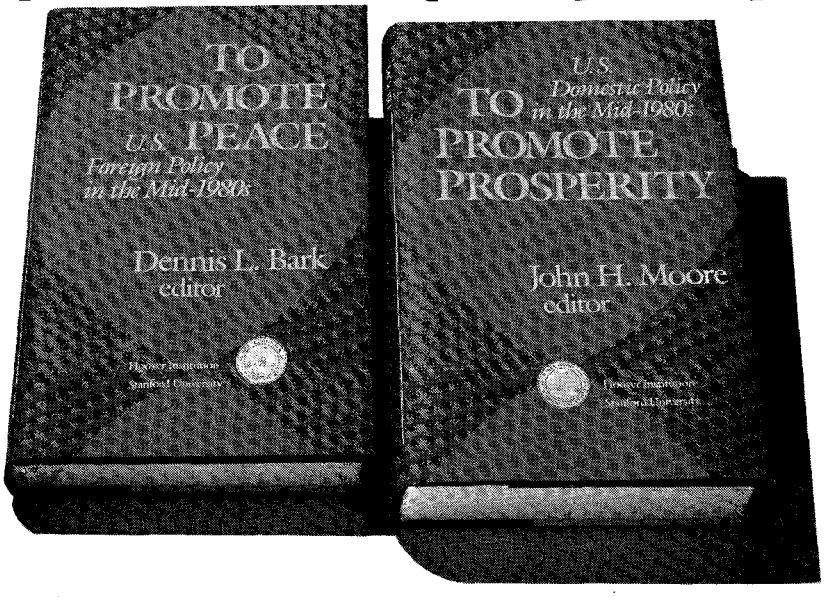
Such a passage is far from unique. Having studied extensively with the great pedagogue Carl Flesch, Schwarz can create a window through which we may hear the young Fritz Kreisler:

We have a vivid description of Kreisler's sound in the mid-1890s by his colleague and friend Flesch: "Kreisler's cantilena was an unrestrained orgy of sinfully seductive sounds, depravedly fascinating, whose sole driving force appeared to be a sensuality intensified to the point of frenzy." Many years later, Flesch told me privately, "Young Kreisler's tone was the 'personification of sin.'" To a public used to the "purity" of Joachim or Rosé, this type of sensuousness must have been rather distracting and may help to explain his comparatively slow rise.

In doing justice to the inimitable Jacques Thibaud, the author is again in a position of direct experience:

> Coming to Paris in 1925 with the sound of Russian and German violinists in my

To build an era of peace and prosperity.



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ear, I found Thibaud's Mozart and Beethoven a revelation—a limpid clarity of sound, rhythmic verve and steadiness, emphasis without overaccentuation, sentiment but no *Weltschmerz*. Could this be the same Beethoven I had heard all my life? Yes, but the grimness was gone and the joy of music came to the surface.

The author's acquaintance with that chilly but never chilling perfectionist, Jascha Heifetz, involved more than connoisseurship:

> The Heifetz family as well as my own . . . was summering near Dresden when World War I broke out. After a few anxious weeks, the Heifetz family and mine were permitted to return to Berlin. As enemy aliens, we were obligated to visit the police precinct twice a day. Our families became rather close in the face of common problems. Jascha, who played the piano remarkably well, had lessons with my father, while I was taught the rudiments of the violin by father Heifetz. I can still remember Jascha in our music room, playing the finale of the Mendelssohn concerto at breakneck speed while jumping around and mocking the difficulties that were nonexistent for him.

A number of similar passages reinforce the impression that Menuhin, as one might have suspected, knew whereof he spoke when he attested to the particular qualifications of Boris Schwarz. And this book's generosity of spirit, healthy eclecticism, and virtually encyclopedic range confirm the judgment. The book is more than a warm bath of information, history, and technical points; it is an indoor, heated, Olympic-sized swimming pool of violinism, in which the reader may exercise vigorously, float languorously, or just dog-paddle around. After a half-gainer into Schwarz's custom-built natatorium, the music-loving reader is likely to emerge refreshed, inspirited, and ready to call Carnegie Hall about those second-balcony seats.

But reaching for a towel, that dripping reader may mentally reverse an old saying: *De gustibus est semper disputandum*. Grateful as he is for the recognition extended to the brilliant but underrated Aaron Rosand, he may yet wonder why Schwarz devoted his remarks on Emil Telmányi (1892-) almost exclusively to a discussion of the discredited "Vega" bow. As Schwarz emphasizes the relations between composers and performers throughout, he might have noted Telmányi's seventy performances of the violin concerto of his father-in-law, Carl Nielsen, one of which (a 1951 aircheck under Fritz Busch) survives on disc as an impressive argument that Telmányi was, in his prime, himself a great master of the violin.

The reader might also ponder whether the elaborate treatment of present-day artists is not finally self-defeating, shuffling as it does the great, the near-great, and the accomplished. The effect diffuses what might have been a more focused presentation of certain violinists, such as the frightening Mr. Gidon Kremer, who, seemingly possessed of the delicate precision of Willie Mosconi and the sangfroid of Count Dracula, might well deserve a more exclusive spotlight. And that same reader might wish for a select discography. But he would be reluctant to voice such complaints.

Those of us who cue the turntable and, hoisting a pencil to give the downbeat, say to our left, "Okay, Jascha, let's take it again from the top," have no cause to be finicky. We are instead sad to realize that Boris Schwarz died on the last evening of 1983. It may be a consolation to his family and friends that he lived to see this book through to publication—that he consummated a labor of lifelong devotion. But it is too late for us to thank him for writing it. □

FILM

WHEREFORE THE FORTIES?

John Simon

EVEN IF WE ASSUME that most movies are made only for filthy (R, X) or clean (G, PG) lucre, one question still comes up time and time again: How on earth did they expect to cash in on *that*? This poser rears its head defiantly with a film such as *Racing with the Moon*, for which a plausible *raison d'être* would be harder to come by than a genealogy for a masterless mutt. It concerns two youths, Hopper and Nicky, who have enlisted in the Marines in 1942 to fight "the Japs" and are trying to while away their last few civilian weeks as pleasantly as possible in their small Northern California coastal town. Hopper has a romance with a nice, serious girl, Caddie, whom he takes to be rich because she lives in a fancy house, where, actually, her mother is the maid. His pal Nicky, however, has impregnated his blatant-looking girlfriend, and is frantically trying to raise money for an abortion. In various improbable yet unprovocative ways, things, as they will in such movies, work themselves out.

Why is such a movie made? Steven Kloves was 22 and a UCLA dropout when he wrote this script. It is filled with nostalgia for 1942, when Kloves was nearer to -22 years old, which leaves me no alternative but to assume that his nostalgia (a dubious trait at best) for the tackiest of all possible periods is based on pure bad taste. And though the reconstruction of the period, under the supervision of Richard Benjamin, the director, is accurate enough—except for bits of anachronistic language and sentiment and an abortion that would even then have cost more than $150—there is a great deal here that rings untrue in deeper ways. It is inconceivable, for example, that Hopper's loving gravedigger father (who, however, is so distrait as to call his son by their dog's name) could show his son a good-sized lake just outside town that nobody else knows about. No less preposterous is the notion that people in a small town wouldn't know that Caddie is poor, at the very least by her clothes and her working at three different jobs in her time away from school.

But 22-year-old dropouts don't care about plausibility, and the episode in which Nicky and Hopper, to rustle up the abortion money, try to hustle some sailors in a poolroom has more holes in it than a murderer's alibi. Scarcely less improbable is the notion that Caddie would be on the verge of stealing some jewelry from the sympathetic daughter of her mother's kindly employers—again for that abortion money. And when the abortion scene arrives, it is not much more than a pretext for showing us how decent Hopper is, yet how Caddie takes out on him her flared-up anger against the entire male sex.

Even as a slice of life, which is the utmost this film might be, it is clearly an inferior cut lacking real savor. Hopper's mother and father float in and out in short, random, almost disjunctive scenes; Caddie's girl chums have even less substance than the town

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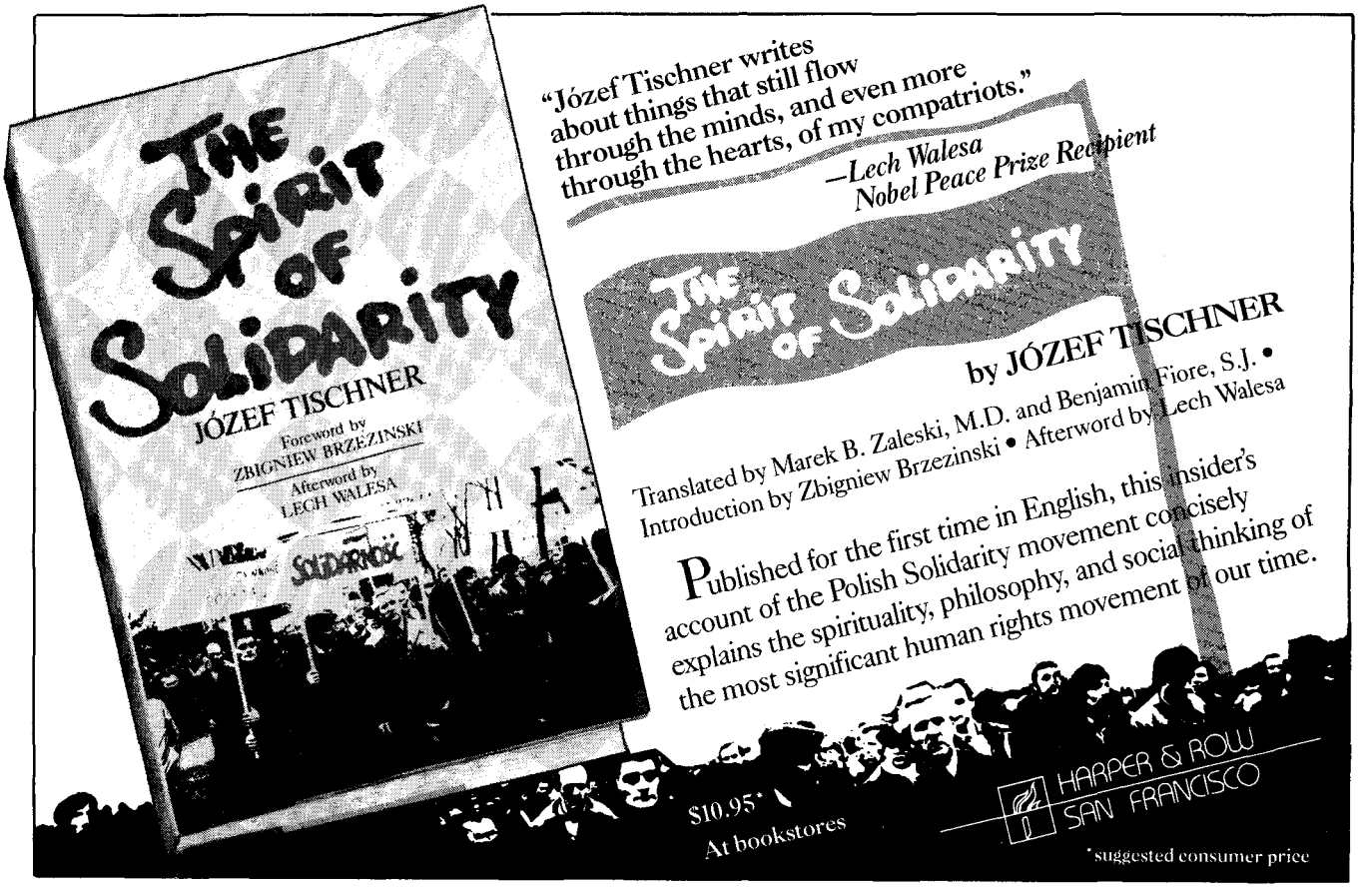
whore, who is a hoary cliché and is played with the kind of smarmy earthiness that thinks itself charming by the grating Carol Kane. In short, though the outlines of reality are sometimes captured, the texture is not. When Hopper takes Caddie skinny-dipping in "his" lake, there is little effervescence in this upsurge of virginal sexuality. *Racing with the Moon* aspires to insight without asperity, poetry without its pang.

Sean Penn is one of our better young actors, but here he has so little of interest to say or do that he must continually *look* sensitive, brooding, deep—though in movies, unlike in life, feigned interest is forfeited interest. That Penn emerges comparatively unscathed is no mean proof of skill. As Caddie, Elizabeth McGovern, although appealing, is too much like perusing *The Saturday Evening Post* for a month of Sundays. But, then, she isn't given much to work with, either. Nicky is played by Nicolas Cage (beware of films or plays in which the characters are named after the actors who play them—a nearly infallible guarantee of lack of auctorial imagination) as a supposedly likable lummox a little short on likableness. We have to take it on hearsay that the motherless Nicky is abused by his father (though there is the earnest of a black eye), but there is a difference between leaving things to our imagination and forcing it to become a beast of burden. Kloves and Benjamin have put together countless bits but cannot make the bits count.

What do we learn about the young people of 1942 on their way to the war? That they race with trains (if not with the moon), that they take piano lessons they don't enjoy, that they hang out in movie theaters, bowling alleys, and poolrooms—and, if a pretty girl works there, in libraries; that they prefer caring parents to harsh ones and nice girls to prostitutes; and that they were, by and large, more innocent than today's kids—except when the latter write screenplays.

JONATHAN DEMME'S *Swing Shift* is also primarily about nostalgia for the Forties and, especially, the movies of that period. Here, however, there is the glimmer of a theme, for we are dealing with women in defense jobs, viewed as the first step in raising feminine consciousness in America. Or so it would seem, for the movie flounders and fudges, staggers and fumbles all over the place. Demme, who made the marvelous *Handle with Care* (a/k/a *Citizens' Band*) and the zestfully idiosyncratic *Melvin and Howard*, cannot take the entire blame: four screenwriters—Nancy Dowd, Bo Goldman, Ron Nywaner, and Robert Towne—worked successively on the script attributed to the fictitious Rob Morton; and Goldie Hawn, who produced, had the film recut to beef up her role and, when this version failed to please preview audiences, had *some* of the cut scenes restored.

Two things seem obvious. First, in any form, this material could not have made a good movie; second, a self-serving, narcissistic star breathing down everyone else's neck only ends up by cutting her own. *Swing Shift* is the tale of two women living in the same modest bungalow court somewhere in Southern California. Kay is married in happy housewifely fashion to her athletic high-school sweetheart, Jack; Hazel is a hard-boiled, tough-talking, luckless singer in love with an ambitious small-time nightclub owner, Biscuits, who cheats on her and pushes her around. Along comes Pearl Harbor and Jack enlists in the Navy; after some weaseling, Biscuits ends up there, too. Meanwhile the demure Kay and the gaudy Hazel, instinctively antipathetic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neighbors, become riveters in the same aircraft factory and, gradually, best friends.

Lucky, a good-looking, pleasant young trumpet player—4F because of a faulty heart—is their foreman. After long, patient efforts, he gets Kay to have an affair with him, while Hazel (improbably) seems to carry a torch for Biscuits, who, in the Navy, comes (even more improbably) to love her truly. There are all sorts of minor incidents as our girls and their co-workers on the swing shift contend with and overcome male resentment. Then, just as Kay, Lucky, and Hazel celebrate Lucky's birthday, Jack pops up on unannounced leave. There are some predictable surprises and shallow insights, and everything ends cozily.

Swing Shift could have been interesting as a lighthearted but pertinent look at a changing society, but then it would have had to be more honestly observant and less Hawn-oriented. It could also have been a bittersweet comedy or comedy-drama about a few intertwined relationships, but it's no more dramatic than a game of musical chairs in which almost everyone wins. What we do get is a simple-mindedly self-satisfied reconstruction of Forties feature films and documentaries with an added pinch of adultery and flicker of female self-affirmation submerged in a conventional resolution with, by way of ending, a conventional freeze frame.

There is much less aromatic zaniness, much less flavor of lived life than in Demme's better films. There are even cheap effects, as when Kay is the only one to notice an impending mortal accident to a colleague that any number of workers should have seen coming, and performs a heroic rescue. There are misplaced clevernesses galore, such as having Tak Fujimoto's cinematography begin like early Technicolor, then become up-to-date color work, only to end again with a coloristically primitive look; or shooting lovers in bed with the sheets strictly adhering across their bodies to the papal—or production-code—demarcation line. One scene, though somewhat overdirected, works: a very young, tongue-tied Marine trying to inform one of the production workers of her husband's death in action.

Goldie Hawn isn't exactly bad, but everything she does is so annoyingly adorable, so calculatedly crowd-pleasing (including some of her work clothes) as to forfeit all joy of spontaneity and dignity of directness. Conversely, Christine Lahti's Hazel basks in un-self-conscious easefulness, has perfect timing, and delivers every line by, as it were, natural childbirth. Ed Harris is his usual genuine self as Jack, and Kurt Russell is a winning Lucky. Only the good Fred Ward is shortchanged by the crummy part of Biscuits. Altogether, though, *Swing Shift* is less than riveting. □

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TELEVISION

CONCEALED ENEMIES

Ralph de Toledano

THE IRONY was manifest. Minutes after President Reagan addressed the nation on the Communist threat in Central America, Public Broadcasting presented the final installment of *Concealed Enemies*, a four-part TV series purporting to be an "objective" account of the Hiss-Chambers case. The President had a few weeks before awarded the Medal of Freedom posthumously to Whittaker Chambers. Alger Hiss, against the orders of his State Department superiors, had years before engineered the first postwar difficulties for the U.S. in Central America and seeded the UN with Soviet agents fleeing positions of influence in the Federal Government as the early Truman loyalty program began closing in on them.

Of this last there is nothing to be found in *Concealed Enemies*, a TV script that repeatedly confuses dramatization with fictionalization. Written by Hugh Whitemore, an accomplished TV and stage playwright, *Concealed Enemies* plunges into fiction in its opening sequences by falsifying the genesis of Whittaker Chambers's appearance before the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HCUA). When Chambers took the stand on August 3, 1948, neither Representative Richard Nixon nor the HCUA had the vaguest idea of what his testimony would be, and the naming of Hiss as a Communist conspirator in the State Department rocked the committee as much as it did the nation.

Chambers, in fact, had been subpoenaed almost as an afterthought to corroborate the testimony of spy-courier Elizabeth Bentley on Communist infiltration of the Federal Government. The TV script, however, has a Catholic priest, given name identification only, pouring the poison of what he had presumably been told by Chambers into Nixon's ear before the most sensationally accurate of the HCUA's hearings had begun. Whitemore and executive producer David Elstein had been informed of the true facts by me, but they argued that this didn't really matter and, after all, their falsification was more "dramatic."

In like manner, there are fictional conversations between John Foster Dulles and his brother Allen that impute corrupt political motives to their very marginal role in the case. Nowhere are we told that Hiss left the State Department after he had been self-trapped in some substantial lies to Secretary of State James F. Byrnes about his Communist complicity. *Concealed Enemies* also stands mute on the prejudicial conduct of the first trial judge and his refusal to dismiss the foreman of the jury despite solid information that he had declared, even before the unfolding of the evidence, that Alger Hiss would not be convicted as long as he sat on the jury. Interestingly, the gross impropriety of allowing a Hiss partisan to remain on the jury was part of the first version of the TV script but somehow disappeared from the PBS production.

All of this is peripheral. Where *Concealed Enemies* strikes its strongest blow for Alger Hiss is in those sequences dealing with the Hiss Woodstock on which the incriminating State Department documents that Hiss delivered to Chambers for transmission to the Soviet Union were typed. The typewriter was the "immutable witness" in

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the case—and defense and prosecution witnesses agreed during the two trials that the State Department documents had been copied on the same machine as correspondence written by Priscilla Hiss at the time. There was never, during the trial or since then, the slightest doubt that Priscilla Hiss's letters and the State Department copies had emerged from the same typewriter.

But *Concealed Enemies* would have none of this, so a fictional conversation between FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover and two of his colleagues—a conversation in which Hoover orders them to suppress evidence concerning the Woodstock—pops up in the script, playing the serial-numbers game that Hiss and his lawyers attempted in their unsuccessful efforts before the courts to win a new trial on the basis of a mythical "forgery by typewriter." Hiss's first move to flank the damning testimony of the "immutable witness" was to tell the grand jury which indicted him that Chambers had crept into the Hiss home undetected in the dead of night to type the hundreds of pages of documents and then to disappear by dawn's early light.

Yet for all of these transgressions, this pandering to Hiss and his benighted supporters, *Concealed Enemies* has its virtues. The Whittaker Chambers I knew never comes through, but at least he is shown as a man of principle and compassion, not the plotter and conniver so dear to the polemicists of the liberal press. Being a PBS production it could not say forthrightly that Hiss was guilty of treason, which both Whitemore and Elstein made it clear to me that they believed, but at least it suggested that Chambers might have been telling the truth. It missed the root meanings of the case—the meanings that were so eloquently expressed in the Chambers autobiography, *Witness*—reducing it all to cops-and-robbers melodrama. But it did adumbrate a little of the nature of the accusing protagonist. For this, from a script approved by Alger Hiss and bearing the dubious imprimatur of PBS, we may be thankful.

At this point it is all academic. The courts have placed their stamp on Alger Hiss's perfidy. Those who watched, having no real knowledge of the case, must have turned off their TV sets no wiser. But history and the facts have vindicated Whittaker Chambers. *Concealed Enemies*, by its very title, made obeisance to that vindication. However much PBS may have whited Alger Hiss's sepulcher, the verdict is there.

On a still night, Hiss may hear the screams which led Whittaker Chambers to break with that denial of the human soul which is Communism. Hiss will never speak out, for that is the nature of his damnation. But he must know that on the End Day, no amount of PBS sophistry or factual rearrangement will save his soul. At that point, he will face his God. □

THE GIMLET EYE

THE MANO STORY

D. Keith Mano

LISTEN to this superfatted nonsense. "Finally, after months of work, my new book THE AMAZING STORY OF THE MANOS IN AMERICA is ready for printing and *you are in it!*" Loud as water hammer, no? Appeals right to the old birth canal. A first and last edition: after all, "less than 1/1,000 of 1 per cent of the people in America share the Mano name." For $24.95 I'll learn how we 1/1,000 got that name and what it meant back when. Also, "little-known facts about the Mano population in the U.S." (Good grief, they found out I'm so insecure I drink Scope before phoning.) Plus "an unusual Coat of Arms granted to an early Mano." Rare and valuable book: perfect Christmas present for that Mano who has everything except an iron hat tree and his own bar sinister. I couldn't resist Sharon Taylor of Halbert's, Inc.—heraldist to the totally undistinguished. See, at just that moment, I was going through a genealogical cafard.

Truth is, I never have been at ease with Mano. It resembled, I thought, some word I'd once seen on a foreign men's room door. Or the acronym for your latest, defunct treaty organization. When I was poor and scholarshipped at my patrician New York prep school —with Whitney on one side and Whitlock on another—I felt like an *au pair* boy. (It didn't help that I bought clothing from the wrong Brooks Brother—Salvatore in Long Island City.) So, when dating a Chapin or Spence girl, I stressed my maternal heritage: Minor. On that side we go back to

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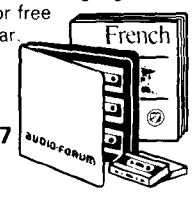

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1360, when a Somerset tin miner was baroneted by Edward the Black Prince. Mother said she'd never gone without employment—1929 crash, no matter—because of her WASP last name. In any coming devaluation Mano, I thought, could put the wreath on his door. And I was *persona non* with Buff Vandermost's father: he kept her hidden more thoroughly than a government witness before a Mafia trial.

By 1968, however, ethnic was in. I featured Mano not Minor: hell, back then, Edward the Black Prince would've worn an Afro. Only I couldn't be sure what eth I was. Italian, no (though I wasn't above pretending, so they'd dump extra clam sauce on my linguine). Grandpa Mano, you understand, said that his mother and father had been murdered in a silk-caravan heist somewhere between Constantinople and Vienna. Brought up by this noble Gypsy band the infant Mano was. But then Grandpa also claimed to have taken Lillian Russell's virtue. The birth certificate said, "Salonika, Catholic." Aha, Greek, I thought. But then an immigration paper said, "Salonika, Turkish, Muslim." Meanwhile every Greek who heard "Salonika" said, "You must be Jewish"—90 per cent of that town apparently having been settled by Sephardic Jews from Spain. Aha, I thought, Jewish, and Sephardic no less. With this maybe they'll let me write for the *Times Book Review* again. I was a one-man ecumenical movement. Then another paper said, "Born Cavadartzi, Turk." I didn't have roots, I had damn strawberry runners. No wonder Lillian Russell got so turned on.

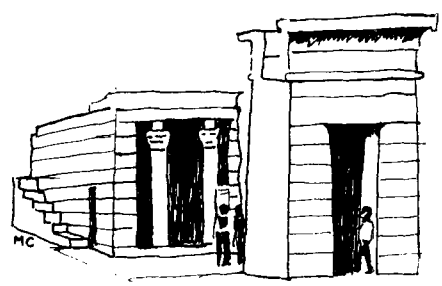
But worse is yet to come. Last year, 1,000-volt culture shock, I receive a first letter ever from my 98-year-old

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

On January 5, 1950, President Truman announced that the United States would no longer aid the Republic of China (ROC) in its attempt at resisting the aggressions of Mao Tse-tung's People's Republic, whereupon the U.S. Department of State sat back—with the rest of the world—to observe the impending invasion and collapse of Taiwan. Before this could occur, however, North Korea invaded South Korea in June, and the picture, especially so far as the United States was concerned, had changed. Alarmed by what he viewed as a concerted Communist onslaught against Southeast Asia, Truman organized a consortium of free-world nations to restrain the offensive, and suddenly the island republic had become "an unsinkable aircraft carrier," a key component in the defense of Asia, crucial to any possible military engagement on the continent. The following May the U.S. sent a Military Assistance Advisory Group to Taiwan and the Seventh Fleet to guard the Taiwan Strait. In December 1954, the American Secretary of State signed a mutual-defense treaty with the ROC, and early in 1955 Congress passed the Formosa Resolution, empowering the Chief Executive to use force to oppose any attack upon our new-found ally. Since that time, a succession of American Presidents and Congresses of both parties have required frequently to be reminded of both the moral and the strategic importance of the Republic of China, which—even after the Carter Administration's cancellation of formal diplomatic ties—continues to be a pawn in the perverse bipartisan attempt at conciliating the Mainland Communists.

The Republic of China and U.S. Policy: A Study in Human Rights (Ethics and Public Policy Center, 1030 15th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005; $7), by A. James Gregor and Maria Hsia Chang, rebuts the charge—perhaps "excuse" is the better word—that the Taiwanese government, for its alleged infractions of human rights, is unworthy of further support.

The authors admit that many of the rights bearing the imprimatur of the United Nations are indeed being held in abeyance by Taipei (an inarguably besieged government, which, however, enjoys none of the indulgence offered by many Western sympathizers to the Soviet Union on account of imaginary threats to its existence by its neighbors), but argue that the validity of these rights is nowhere denied by the constitution, which is in essence the Nationalist Constitution of 1946, executed according to the generally Western and specifically American constitutional ideas of Sun Yat-sen, rather than the "ideocratic" constitutionalism cast in lapidary form by Stalin in 1936. A protracted state of emergency—lasting almost certainly until Peking formally disavows its intent to return Taiwan to "the motherland"—has made it necessary for Taipei to maintain strong authoritarian control over the island; yet the Lockean principles upon which it rests have not been—and, the authors believe, never will be—forsworn.



Actually, Taiwan remains perhaps the most successful example of a formerly undeveloped country that has proceeded with an admirable combination of haste and restraint into Westernization, and this despite many formidable obstacles: the greatest of these being of course the threat of invasion from the Mainland and the subsidiary threat of internal subversion, but among them also the complete disestablishment of the island's economic base upon its return to China after fifty years as a colonial ward of Japan; a feudal agricultural system, which the government managed, in an astonishingly brief time, to renovate according to a land-distribution system far more successful than most, if any, Marxist countries can boast; the absence of the most rudimentary industrial foundation; and one of the highest population densities in the world, combined with an annual growth rate of 3.5 per cent and compounded by ethnic tensions created by an influx of refugees from Mainland China upon an indigenous population whose ancestors had arrived in the eighteenth century and spoke Fukienese instead of Mandarin.

"[Taiwan's] accomplishments in providing social and economic benefits," Gregor and Chang conclude, "are now generally acknowledged. Its steady progress in providing civil and political liberties should be celebrated as well." □

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great-uncle in Vienna. Ninety-eight, and he couldn't go quietly without telling me this. Grandpa was born in Philoppopel, Bulgaria. Bul-ga-ri-yah. I reveal it here: Mano is, with no previous experience, one-quarter Bulgarian. Name one restaurant in New York where that'll get me an extra pat of butter. The kid has been totally Balkanized.

And last month arrives this quart of lard oil from Sharon Taylor. *MANO*: bound in movie-seat maroon and computer-inserted like that contest letter you got—YES, MR. C. SMITH OF BENSONHURST, BKLN. HAS WON $1,000,000! maybe. *MANO* can tell me nothing about my "forebearers" (*sic*) that I couldn't have learned from, say, a Portuguese weather map. Ninety-eight per cent blank note page, blank genealogical chart, blank family tree, chat about heraldic jargon and Ellis Island. (She doesn't wish to suggest "that we have traced any individual's lineage . . ." Of course you don't, or didn't, Sharon.) Oh, I forgot the vermiform *MANO* appendix—name and address of each Mano findable (139) by phone book or auto registration (except *me*: the original sucker letter was sent on by my ex-wife, a McArthur, who *is* listed). And this single leaky onomastic idea about *MANO*. It may derive from the Italian, meaning "one who had unusual hands." With which I'd like to strangle her.

Okay, yes, there is a coat of arms —taken right off the rack, I suspect. Mine has come from *Siebmacher's Wappenbuch* (13th cent.?). (This 86-volume heraldic pawnshop must be worth many 1,000 × $24.95 to Sharon. My guess is that, in each case, she will start with the *Wappenbuch* or *Diccionario Nobilliano* coat collection. Then she Taylors data to an ancestor-deprived American buying public.) My shield—what else?—is kind of grotesque: disembodied hand with an eyeball midpalm and three stars above. Did some early Mano invent early Braille? My Siebmacher can be made up for hanging in "Classic" plaque (rich red flock, $34.95) or the less prestigious "Heritage" (walnut wood tone, $31.95). And Sharon promises me that a Mano who had "medieval armor must have been granted it." Sure, Sharon—and granted to the forebearers of all my phone-book kin. Like Juanita and Manuel and Pepe Mano. Not to mention those noted medieval Europeans, Eiichi Mano and Tatsuo Mano and Tsuyoshi and Miyoko and Kiyoshi. Maybe that silk caravan was going from Tokyo to Vienna.

Roots do matter: though not such laughable grafted-on tubers as these. You can get sick up to here with individualism in America. We require familial and religious and ethnic and neighborhood associations: we enjoy being alumni and alumnae. Even if only to react against them, men cherish heritage and human location. But Halbert's of Bath (Ohio) is providing just contemptible genealogical tree blight. Uh-huh, Sharon, I am dissatisfied for any reason. Send the $24.95 back. You don't mess around with us Bulgarians. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

A New Birth of Freedom: Lincoln at Gettysburg, by Philip B. Kunhardt Jr. (Little, Brown, 263 pp., $22.50)

LINCOLN CONSIDERED his speech a failure, both before and after he gave it. "I am sorry to say it does not affect me as one of his great speeches," commented Ward Lamon, one of his best friends. William Seward, his Secretary of State, thought, "He has made a failure and I am sorry of it. His speech is not equal to him." Lincoln himself said, "We shall try not to talk about my address. I failed, I failed, and that is all that can be said about it." The speech, of course, was the Gettysburg Address, which has come to be seen as one of the genuine masterpieces of oratory spoken anywhere, at any time. In *A New Birth of Freedom*, Philip B. Kunhardt Jr., former managing editor of *Life* magazine and grandson of Frederick Hill Meserve, the famed collector of Lincoln and Civil War photographs, tells the whole story. He recounts the battle, and the writing and revision of the speech. He tells what the town of Gettysburg was like, what the people did after the battle, how the weather was. He describes the men around the President and, perhaps most difficult of all, gives us a Lincoln as free of varnish and veneer as possible. For example, those in charge of the cemetery's dedication were surprised—and worried—when he accepted: "He was just not cut out for this kind of occasion. . . . He could so easily be indelicate, or go into one of his embarrassing, off-the-cuff talks that made everybody wince." Mr. Kunhardt also traces the origin of Lincoln's speech from remarks the President made to his secretary, John Hay, after the outbreak of the war: "The central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether in a free government, the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose." This proposition he boiled down to a speech that took barely three minutes. "Is that all?" asked a newspaperman on the scene. "That speech won't scour." It was Lincoln's most spectacular failure, which rapidly gained in reputation when people had a chance to read it—and will gain yet more from Mr. Kunhardt's telling of the story. JOE MYSAK

Baseball's Great Experiment: Jackie Robinson and His Legacy, by Jules Tygiel (Oxford, 344 pp., $16.95)

THIS BOOK begins with the events leading to the integration of major-league baseball in 1947 when Branch

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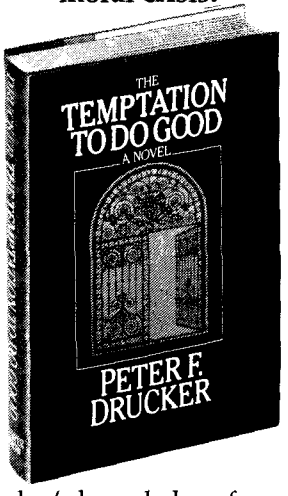

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Rickey promoted Jackie Robinson to his Brooklyn Dodgers, and it goes on to delineate both the prejudice within the lily-white bastions of baseball and the rabble-rousing opportunism of American Communists without. Tygiel shows that Rickey's strategy of using a solitary paragon of the Negro race to integrate the major leagues was not necessarily the best one; and if Rickey wanted to go that route, the better trailblazer might have been the easy-going Roy Campanella, not the short-fused Jackie Robinson. But the strength of his history lies in its broad focus beyond the ten Northern cities to which major-league baseball was confined until 1953. Common and business sense dictated that blacks signed by major-league teams would have to train in the teams' extensive farm systems and spring-training sites, many of them in the South. Places that bluntly refused the Negro players or treated them like second-class citizens off the field found that they no longer had minor-league franchises, training camps, barnstorming tours, or tourist dollars; few of them balked—solid evidence of integration achieved not at the barrel of a GI's M-1 or the tap of a Federal Marshal's writ. According to Tygiel, in fact, the 1954 Supreme Court desegregation decision, instead of helping, actually stirred up renewed resistance to minor-league integration in many parts of the South. Tygiel telegraphs pitches occasionally, or just plain throws bad ones. He's too critical of sportswriters who crudely spoofed integration at a time when its rightness seemed less self-evident. He also pecksniffs along, nose to the statistical woodpile, presenting someone's silly study which purports to show that blacks are assigned to fielding positions according to skin-tone spectrum from "very light" to "very black." Nevertheless, his book achieves a lot by sticking to little facts, which add up to good and useful social history.

BERT CULVER

The Fence Jumper, by Otis Carney (Green Hill, 218 pp., $13.95)

THE FENCE JUMPER recounts the struggle of best-selling author Otis Carney (*When the Bough Breaks*, etc.) to make a new life for himself and his family far from the hectic pace of New York City and Los Angeles on ranches in southwestern Wyoming and, later, near the Mexican border in Arizona. Carney found the struggle a long and hard one in more than the obvious, physical sense: "The stimuli of the urban milieu and the concomitant reward structure has been so deeply sculpted into most of us by our culture that we find it almost as hard to lop off as, say, a right arm. Indeed, because that conditioning is such an integral part of us—we have invested so much of our best self in it—it is foolhardy and certainly counterproductive to attempt to cut with it. . . . Therefore, if you have to be what you are—in my case, a city-bred—no, you don't give that up, because you can't. But you do begin to make a slow transformation . . ." For Carney the transformation took twenty years in the heartbreakingly beautiful but rigorous environment of the ranch at Cora, Wyoming, and in the opposite but equally challenging environment of the second ranch, Las Delicias, in the Arizona desert. Carney becomes aware of the distance he has traveled on his inner journey when he understands for the first time events that had occurred on a fishing trip twenty years earlier. "I clasped my forearms around my legs, and for an uncounted time just waited, as Snook had. Because now, dimly, I could begin to understand what that waiting meant: the waiting without hope. In Snook's waiting he seemed to have linked himself with the rhythm of all living things. He didn't threaten nature. He was simply part of it. And, thus, to him, the Golden [trout] had responded by lifting themselves slowly out of the protected depth until that hideous hunk of orange yarn transformed itself into something that belonged in their world. . . . That's why I didn't even fish that afternoon." *The Fence Jumper* contains some valuable, and hard-won, truths that make it much more than the typical chronicle of greenhorn misadventures in the wilderness.

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LEJEUNE

(Continued from page 46)

der previous administrations, by late-night sessions in Downing Street, with beer and sandwiches, from which the union leaders invariably emerged claiming a victory. The way in which they've been ignored by this government, instead of being consulted and appeased, has left the unions angry and frustrated. And they are alarmed by a new law that renders "secondary picketing"—that is, picketing elsewhere than at one's own workplace—unlawful; not criminal but open to civil action, so that injured firms can sue for damages, or ask the courts for an injunction, or both.

The Coal Board and the Electricity Generating Board have so far preferred not to use this law: but they still may, which would widen and further politicize the conflict. Mr. MacGregor is tough and cool. Mrs. Thatcher is not Mr. Heath; and she has Mr. Heath's fate as a warning. This is a fight she cannot afford to lose. In that sense Mr. Scargill is right in thinking that she is his real opponent and Mr. MacGregor only her tool. Mr. Scargill cannot afford to lose this fight either.

How it will go is hard to forecast. It could become a war of attrition, with the miners eventually drifting back to work: but Mr. Scargill and the hard-liners around him would prefer an industrial holocaust. Urging that all power supplies should be cut off, the Welsh miners' leader said: "We must bring the country to its knees." The gravity of the struggle, and its political implications, could hardly have been expressed more bluntly. □

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NEUSNER

(Continued from page 44)

ing generally intelligible propositions? Does the area of learning generate theses worth sustained testing, ideas capable of providing insight beyond themselves and transcending the limits of the world that gave them first light? One can no longer accord to white-male experience the status of the norm and to black or female experience the status of something abnormal. For human experience properly described, analyzed, and interpreted speaks to us all. But no experience *self-evidently* —i.e., without analysis and argument —establishes the norm (or diverges from it).

How shall we proceed? In my view the task falls upon the shoulders of the new humanities. If we claim right of entry, ours is the burden of presenting a valid ticket of admission. No one doubts that we belong. The books people wrote in the submerged and ignored sectors of humanity, those that came out of the wrong religion, race, sex, part of the world, have won our place for us. Our task is to ask what is general and accessible, suggestive beyond itself, in that range of particularity and parochial, private experience about which we have informed ourselves.

The answer to that question will emerge in the definition of those issues of general intelligibility to which, each in its own way, the new humanities also contribute. The key lies in asking one simple question: What does the private exemplify about what is shared and public? To what does the specific fact give testimony in what is shared? And how do we all exemplify a common experience of humanity? When we come to see the ways in which we are alike, and the ways in which we are not alike, then we may speak intelligibly and claim a full and solemn hearing for ourselves. Then we serve scholarship as universities practice scholarship—that alone. □

KING

(Continued from page 39)

fortunately preserved nucleus of its great Norman churches, especially the majestic Abbaye aux Hommes, where William the Conqueror lies buried before the altar—*invictissimus*.

The country is still that patchwork of little fields bordered with hedgerows and intersected by meandering streams lined by stumpy willows. The red Norman cattle move slowly under the scraggly apple trees. The barns still shelter casks of the clear, raw Calvados of the previous fall, drunk by the GIs of 1944 with such sure effect, and still made, more or less legally, in the rural cider presses along with the sour, bubbly cider itself. The cows are a sign that cream continues to be the hallmark of local cooking, mixed into the sauces and spread over crustaceans and fowl, and taking more solid form at the end of the meal as Camembert, Pont-l'Evêque, and the rich cheeses of the Vallée d'Auge.

Rising above the village rooftops are the old Norman churches (Romanesque in English dictionaries) of the eleventh and twelfth centuries whose powerful arches echo the power of Norman faith and Norman arms. Around them the half-timbered houses (never mind that most of them are modern fakes), which look so Shakespearean to foreigners, complete an illusion that has successfully resisted the battering of over a generation of tourist leisure. And the bivouacking in the freezing mists and rains of that early Norman summer long ago melts gracefully into the warmth and richness of civilized hospitality.

It is hard to remember that all this was once a great battlefield, and yet who can forget it? The invasion that began on D-Day, June 6, was a whirlwind that twisted upon the incredible array of the whole war itself and flung it with raging impact on the ragged Norman earth. It shook us then and it shakes us still. It makes our bones whistle in the wind, and, after dark, we remember the phantoms round the fire.

The last time I was at St-Laurent, a young Frenchman turned into the cemetery gate just ahead of me, holding his girlfriend by the hand. They were off a tourist bus, and he was explaining the place to her and why they had stopped where they did.

"Don't you remember that film, *The Longest Day*?" he asked her by way of easy reference. "Never saw it? I guess you're probably too young." □

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SECURITY AT LAST FOR SOVIET ATHLETES

NEW YORK, MAY 9

THE SOVIET RULERS will almost never let us down. They are at this moment proceeding to starve Sakharov to death rather than permit Mrs. Sakharov to leave the country in order to get first-rate medical care. It is in this context that they pull out of the Olympics, ostensibly to guard their virginal athletes against the incivilities of Los Angeles life.

Students of Soviet neurology are ever alert to early symptoms. For 25 years I have been advertising that any statement issued by the Soviet Union that begins with the phrase "As is well known" can be counted on to introduce a flat, verifiable lie. As in, "As is well known, the FBI secretly planned the assassination of John F. Kennedy in retaliation against the late President's friendly overtures toward the Soviet Union." And sure enough, the Soviet statement on the Olympic Games said: "As is known"—signifying, "as is not true"—the Soviet Olympic Committee has "voiced serious concern over the rude violations by the organizers of the Games of the rules of the Olympic Charter and the anti-Soviet campaign launched by reactionary circles in the United States with the connivance of the official authorities . . ." Well, as is well known, we know the rest.

In February, in this space, I wrote that it was not correct to assume that the Soviet Olympic Team would necessarily materialize in Los Angeles. The Soviet government had reasons to hold it back. They were, I wrote, "1) to punish the U.S. for having pulled out of the Moscow Olympics in 1980; 2) to guard against the temptation of Soviet athletes arrived in America to head for the nearest McDonald's, order a milk shake, smile from ear to ear, and defect." Besides, "3) Soviet Olympic athletes may not be so hot this year. [The East Germans beat them at Sarajevo.] . . . No Strasbourg goose intended to yield foie gras suitable for royal tables was ever fed more copiously, or more carefully, than the Soviet athlete. If he does not win the gold medal, or score right up there, it is simply a failure of Russian biology." I suggested that perhaps the next cultural exchange would call for stud arrangements between prize-winning American athletes and hearty Soviet girls. Walter Mondale could come out for it in the spirit of international intercourse.

Way back then, the Soviets were beating the anti-California drums. And, most specifically, the anti-Reagan drums. *Los Angeles Times* correspondent Robert Gillette reported before the turn of the year on the Soviet fever: Is Los Angeles "a 'City of Angels or of Hell?' one Soviet paper asked rhetorically. The Soviets are warning not only about danger in the streets but about the extra danger resulting from the Reagan Administration's fomenting of 'anti-Soviet hysteria.' " A Soviet publication under the headline, "Daryl Gates Blusters," asked about the police chief in a city whose mayor is black, "Will he provide security for Olympians in Los Angeles?" How, the paper wondered, could he be expected to do so, since he is a rabid anti-Communist "mournfully known for his savage reprisals against blacks."

A talented writer, Lewis Van Gelder, published last winter in *Los Angeles* magazine a parody of Soviet attention to the Los Angeles Olympics. It could have been written yesterday. "Such a hazardous undertaking [i.e., Soviet athletes visiting Los Angeles] will not be—as the Americans say—'a piece of Coke.' . . . The 'gold' state, as its residents sardonically refer to this bastion of poverty and unemployment, has become a magnet for criminals, sexual deviants, and other assorted misfits from the Eastern territories. The capital city of California is San Diego, site of the infamous 'Alamo,' where Western outlaws Davey Crocker and Pat Boone were killed in a gun battle with Mexican authorities . . ." Mr. Van Gelder ended his account with a squirt of ice water in the stomach. "The loved ones you are leaving behind," the parody addressed the Soviet athletes, "eagerly await your swift return. We at the KGB stand inseparably with them in counting the hours until you are with us again."

So the Soviet Union continues to make politics. So what else is new? □

THE BLACK FAMILY SUMMIT

NEW YORK, MAY 11

DO YOU KNOW why people take cocaine? Well, I have petitioned through the Freedom of Information Act and I have the answer. They do so because snorting is fun. But wait—I am not through with my revelations. Do you know why people copulate? Right, because it is fun. Do you know why people drink beer and whisky? Right. Same answer. But then you say: It isn't fun to die of drug addiction, is it? No, it is not. And it isn't fun to become gradually incapacitated as a drunkard and perhaps end up on the streets or in an alcoholic ward? No, it isn't. And there isn't much fun to be got out of causing pregnancies, and deserting women, and depriving oneself of the pleasures of a family, is there?

It seems like one thousand years ago that one last heard about why people do these things, the alternative explanation being much more popular, namely that drugs, alcoholism, and broken homes are the result of social injustice. Fourteen students were expelled from Choate last week for trafficking in coke. Choate is not a branch of Phoenix House, where they treat adolescent drug addicts. Choate is where people like Adlai Stevenson and John F. Kennedy go to school.

The bad news is the terrible breakdown of the black family in America. The good news is that last weekend a three-day conference met in Nashville calling itself the

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Black Family Summit. And it wasn't there to talk about Jesse Jackson's delegate count. It met to face dismaying facts about the breakdown of the family and to ask such basic questions as: Can we in fact blame the phenomenon on political repression?

This is not easy to do. There is still bias in America against racial minorities, but it is a bias that is, for the most part, illegal. And in any event, it is a bias that is unconnected with the phenomena the Black Family Summit met to accost.

In 1960, the median income for black families was 55 per cent of that for white families. After two decades of welfare programs, head-start programs, affirmative-action programs, and civil-rights bills, the median income of black families in 1981 was—56 per cent of that of whites.

But listen: In 1960, 21 per cent of black families had only a single parent living at home. By 1981, that figure had risen to 47 per cent: more than double. John Jacob, the president of the National Urban League, reported at the summit that 70 per cent of black single mothers live in poverty.

Here are comparative figures: In 1968 (the figures for 1960 are not available), black families with two parents living at home earned 73 per cent as much as white families. By 1981, the figure had risen to 84 per cent. By now, it is estimated that white and black couples engaged in comparable work have more or less the same income.

Mr. Jacob, addressing the conference, said what he had to say about the impact on black people of a history of discrimination. "But at the same time we have to recognize that some of our problems may be self-inflicted; that we may have allowed our just anger at what America has done to obscure our own need for self-discipline and strengthened community values. In concentrating on the wrongs of discrimination and poverty, we may have neglected the fact that there is a lot we can do about our own problems ourselves."

THE ONE HUNDRED organizations sponsoring the Black Family Summit made a number of recommendations. The summary published in the *New York Times* was: "Black churches could create credit unions, establish and support black entrepreneurship, use their publishing houses to publish black authors and teach sex education. Affluent blacks could make venture capital available to black businesses. Organizations could register voters and urge them to vote in elections from school boards to the Presidency. Youths could consider the military for employment and skills training."

What is regrettably missing from that agenda is, of course, an inquiry into the effects of welfare. The Freedom of Information Act isn't needed to make one point horribly plain. Namely that there has been an inverse correlation between state welfare and black progress. The more of the former, the less of the latter.

These are brave, enterprising, concerned, idealistic black people, and they need to ask themselves basic questions. Welfare checks do more merely than convert a government voucher into food and rent. They tend to affect the spirit, and particularly they tend to dissolve the natural bonds of loyalty a man feels toward the woman he has impregnated, and the child born of a union that is, increasingly, fleeting, rather than lasting. These truths, so brilliantly researched and explicated by such as Thomas Sowell and George Gilder, are necessary aids to the kind of progress the Black Family Summit strives for. □

THE WRITER'S ART

NEW YORK, MAY 21

SOMEONE RECENTLY sent along an editorial from a newspaper in Wisconsin denouncing me and all my works, or I suppose more accurately, denouncing all my works, on the grounds that they are strewn with unusual words. And I am glad the whole subject came up because I have been looking for a peg to celebrate the publication of a book that is useful, exciting, and beautiful, namely James Jackson Kilpatrick's *The Writer's Art*. The protocols of full disclosure require that I instantly communicate that I wrote the introduction to that book, but also quickly to add that I was not paid for it, and have no financial stake in the book's success. But we all have a huge cultural stake in the book's success, if we care about the dearest part of our patrimony, which is our language.

But first, on the matter of the unusual word. "No advice," JJK writes in one chapter treating of the dos and don'ts of writing, "is more elementary, and no advice is more difficult to accept: When we feel an impulse to use a marvelously exotic word, let us lie down until the impulse goes away." And the gentleman proceeds to fratricide: "My brother pundit, Bill Buckley, falls into sin even more easily than I." Mr. Kilpatrick proceeds to list a dozen words culled from my books and columns that fall, one is invited to assume, into the proscribed category.

I quarreled with him in my introduction to his splendid book. I said that I have a private theory, a theory so simple, so rudimentary, that it almost embarrasses to trot it out. But think it over: It is that we tend to believe that a word is unfamiliar because it is unfamiliar to us. In fact (I hold) if John and Jane each know the meaning of eight thousand words, you will find that there are 250 words John knows and uses and 250 words Jane knows and uses, which words are, in each case, not known to the other. So that when John uses these words, Jane sniffs at him as an exhibitionist. And when Jane uses a word John doesn't know, he thinks her far gone in affectation.

I concede, of course, that there are words neither John nor Jane knows. Should those words be quarantined? I wrote in my introduction, "There are reasons for using words even when they are unfamiliar. It can be a matter of rhythm, it can be a matter of the exact fit—and it can be something by way of obeisance to the people whose honed verbal appetites created the need for such a word, which therefore came into being. Call it supply-side linguistics; but whatever you call it, pray be thankful that someone invented the word *velleity* and that a few refuse to permit it to die, even as others would die to preserve the lousewort." How is that for a defiant gesture?

But the whole business amuses. Kilpatrick knows the names of more flowers and trees and shrubs than I know names appropriate to describe Soviet policy. Are we supposed to admire the cook whose menu is unchanging?

I HAVE recently pursued the whole question in another connection, and found myself wondering whether it is sufficiently recognized that writing is, as Mr. Kilpatrick's book title advises us, an art. We do not expect the amateur to try to play "The Flight of the Bumblebee" on the piano, but should we be resentful that some can do it? John Updike is what one ought safely to be able to call a "performing writer," at whose hands the taxing demands of language are confidently met. Whereas most people don't paint canvases or play a musical instrument, everyone writes. The mistake is to suppose that one should discourage the profusion of verbal forms.

What Kilpatrick does in his book is useful to anyone with any interest either in self-expression, or in the evaluation of others' expression. He lists common errors, discourses wittily on clichés and word-traps, lists common solecisms. One huge chapter is devoted to one hundred personal "crotchets," he calls them: The kinds of things he often spots in print that violate his verbal code. No adventure story is brighter, more intriguing, more heavily charged with suspense, leading to greater delights.

The Writer's Art is in my judgment the most readable book on the English language I have ever come upon, and you should get it (it is published by Andrews, McMeel, & Parker), read it, give it to your children to read—give it to your tailor and candlestick maker. As I say, we all have a stake in it. You will shimmer with gratitude to the author, and to our forefathers, who gave us this blessed tongue. □

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

PIUS XI:

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

CENTRAL JERSEY softball-league mogul/professional NYC journalist, 26, freelancer for *NR* and *American Spectator*, seeks fairy princess. Tired of rejection, defeat, and failure on the romantic battleground, especially girls talking about their boyfriends over sterile lunches. Ivy Leaguer, but looks like Yogi Berra with glasses. Likes beer, books, beach, Mencken, the usual military heroes, Tannhauser Festmarch. Write NR Box 3913.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Prated — 1 166 55 98 105 21 147 207

B. A county in Mississippi — 33 17 164 178 92

C. Instructed — 41 148 44 67 150 106 112 190

D. A name applied to the ferret and the polecat — 86 82 108 157 68 142 174

E. A cape in Albania — 113 100 197 107 70 194 46

F. Creatures' natural habitats — 124 20 83 143 110 94 45 114

G. Men who are industrious when the boss is present — 128 22 28 35 51 81 88 138 131 183 149

H. Horses — 132 47 176 102 54 123

I. A passage leading into a mine — 19 29 52 134

J. A person born in and identified with a particular place (2 words) — 139 153 103 196 181 87 214 72 202

K. Kiner's first name — 141 158 57 11 168

L. A longtime radio comedian (full name) — 165 195 64 59 73 217

M. The hair covering the head — 170 109 61 66 77 118

N. A practical joke — 184 133 167 95 115 187 125

O. One of God's frozen people — 3 10 27 69 129 5

P. A hair-raising narrative (2 words) — 71 2 213 40 211 48 193 199 6 31

Q. Clarified — 74 56 93 152 162 208 169 42 206 140

R. Organs of happenings, opinions, etc. — 90 12 37 75 99 144 111 36 151 79

S. Prior to the lapsing of — 101 116 154 135 63 89

T. Without tricks or disguise — 121 191 39 50 58 30 43 65 145 8

U. Where foresters watch for fires (2 words) — 159 15 34 163 175 192 53 200 203 4 25 60

V. A large city on Lake Michigan (city and state) — 171 9 7 23 49 76 146 182 185 204 210 212 18 85 62 84 130 137

W. An item eaten at a baseball game — 188 104 122 78 96 155

X. An Arctic cetacean — 198 172 13 117 120 180 160

Y. In a manner similar to a certain nocturnal bird of prey — 209 186 97 14 79 127 177 161

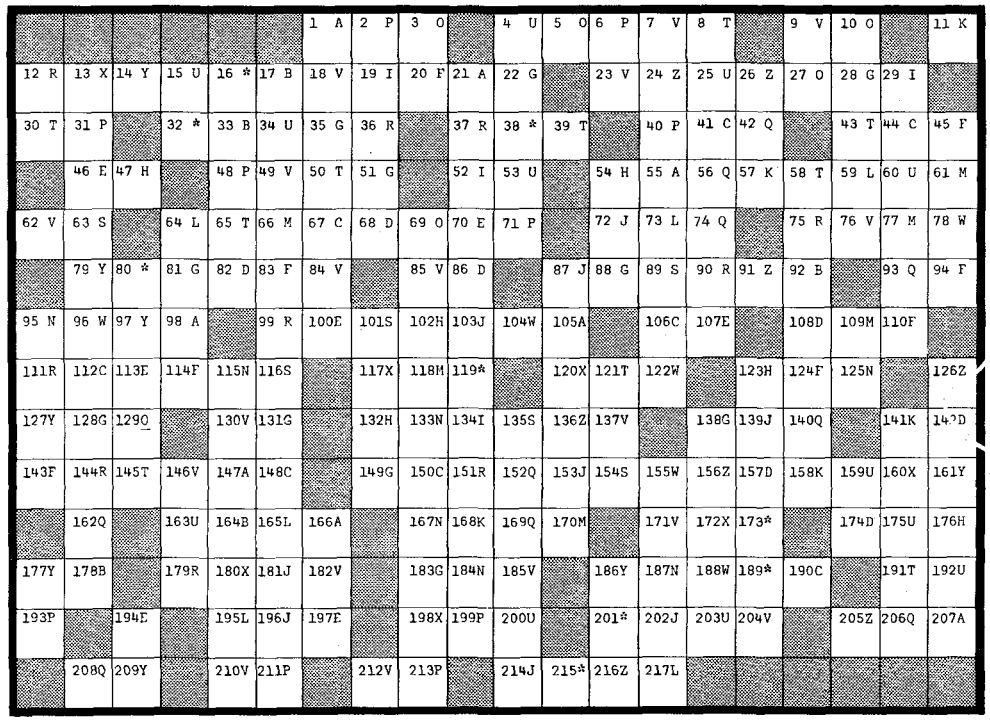
Z. A town west of Madras, India — 26 205 156 91 126 216 136 24

* What many boards are — 201 173 215 32 38 119 189 80 16

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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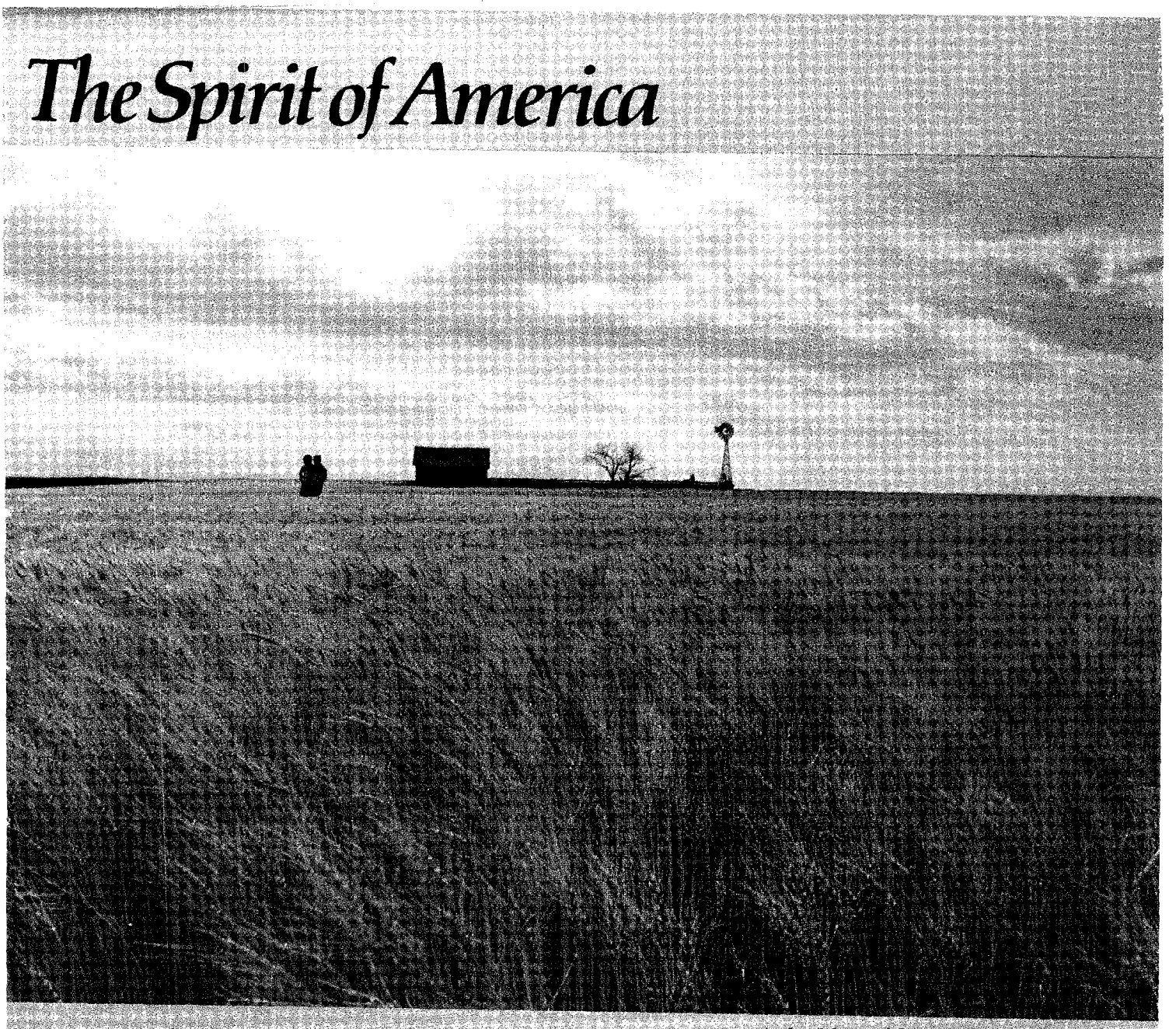
The Spirit of America



Amber Waves of Grain by James Sugar

American farmers followed a dream west and turned a barren plain into endless seas of grain. With them went America's native whiskey: Kentucky Bourbon. Old Grand-Dad still makes that Bourbon much as we did 100 years ago. It's the spirit of America.

For a 19"x26" print of Amber Waves of Grain, send a check or money order for $4.95 to Spirit of America, P.O. Box 183A, Carle Place, N.Y. 11514.

Old Grand-Dad

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey 86 Proof. Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, KY ©1982 National Distillers, Inc.

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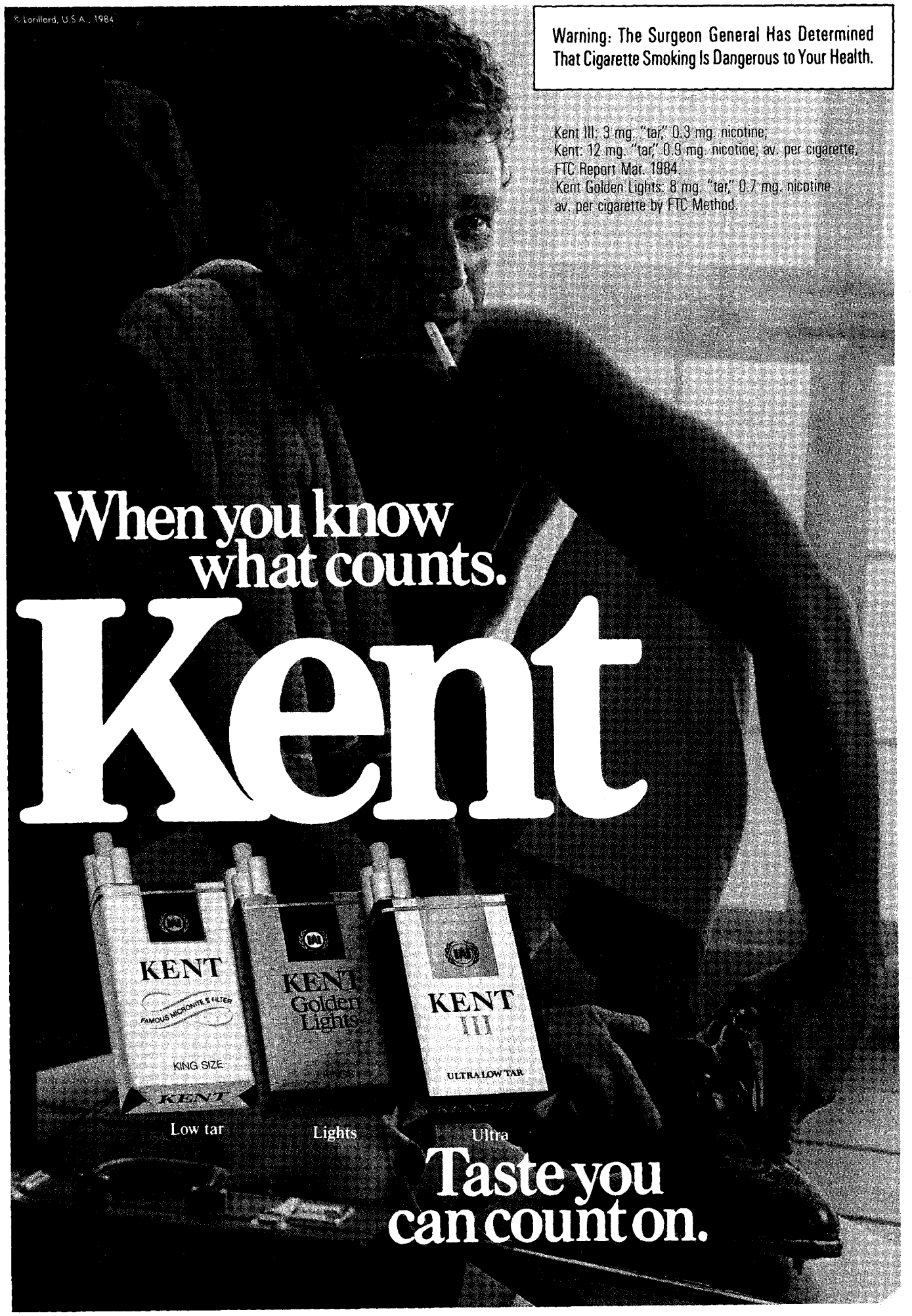
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
Kent III: 3 mg. "tar," 0.3 mg. nicotine;
Kent: 12 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Mar. 1984.
Kent Golden Lights: 8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.
When you know what counts.
Kent
KENT
FAMOUS MICRONITE ® FILTER
KING SIZE
KENT
KENT Golden Lights
KENT III
ULTRA LOW TAR
Low tar
Lights
Ultra
Taste you can count on.

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